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CRACKED®

MAZAGINE

14254

IN THIS ISSUE:

"GREASE" IS GREAT!

DECEMBER
No. 156

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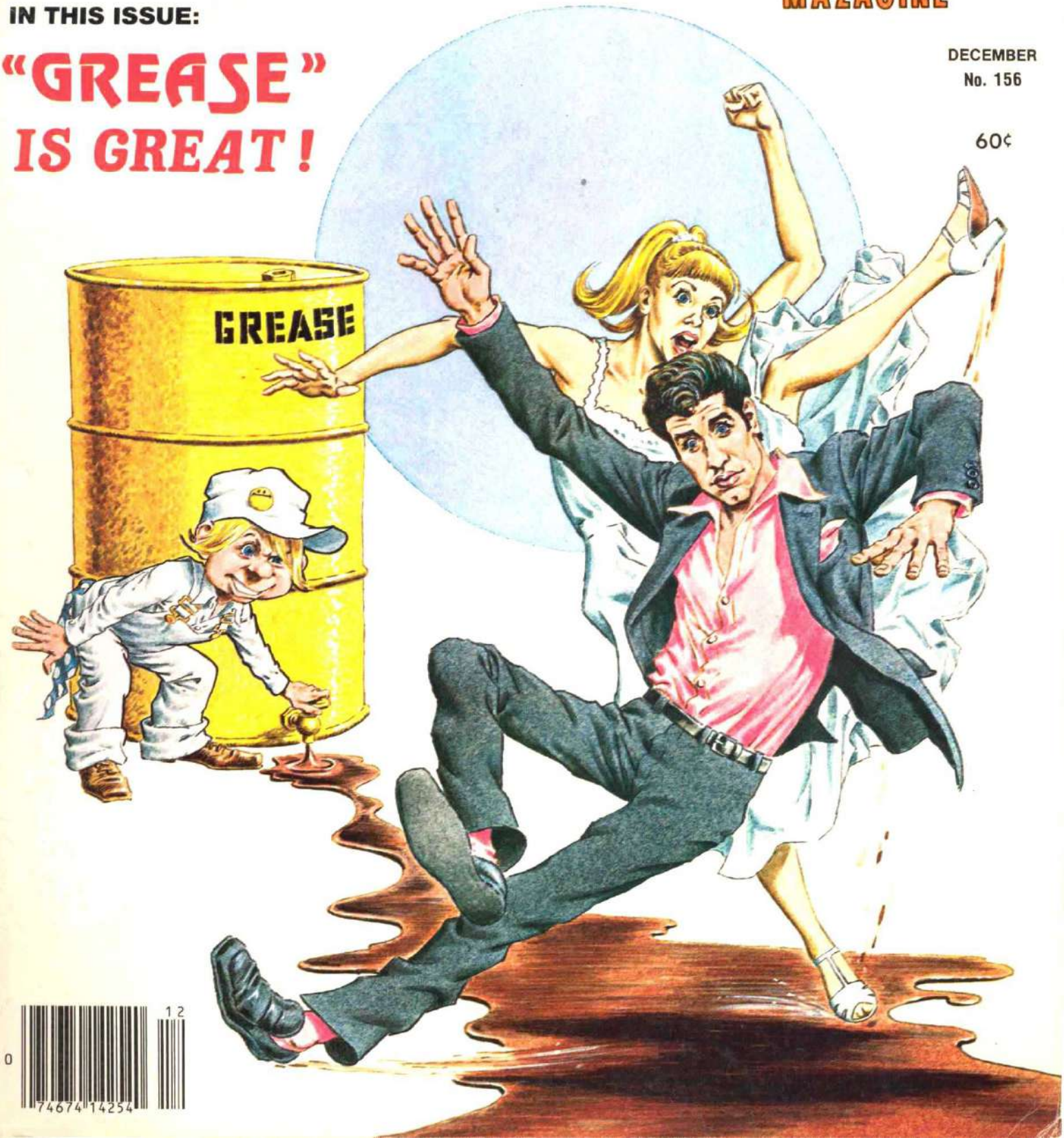

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DANGER

RADIOACTIVITY*

CRACKED®

THE WORLD'S HUMOREST FUNNY MAGAZINE

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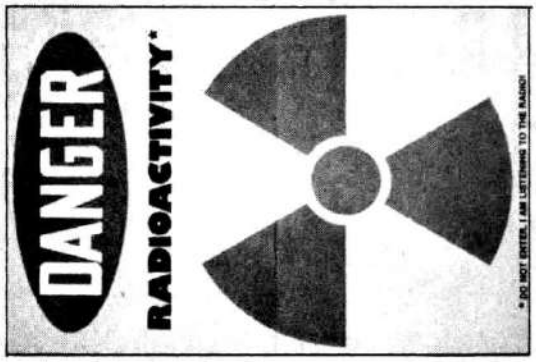
DECEMBER 1978 No. 156

WHAT'S UP FRONT OUR COVER

GREASE **is** the word! But Sylvester is taking it too literally. Nothing is harder than jitterbugging with a few gallons of grease on the floor. Sylvester, you rascal!



LETTUCE from our Readers

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO CRACKED LETTUCE, 235 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, N.Y., N.Y. 10003

Dear Sir,

I would very much like to become a contributor to your literary periodical of the humorous vein. Though my artwork leaves much to be desired, I am quite sure you'll find my writings refreshing. I await your suggestions with baited breath.

Charles Barnhart III
Leominster, Mass.

Dear Charlie,

Somehow, I just don't think you're gonna make it around here.

Dear CRACKED,

When are you gonna have my favorite feature again? I'm talking about the photos from movies that you caption. The last time you had one was CRACKED #154 (THE CRACKED LENS)

Tom Henderson
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Tom,

You're in luck! Check out pages 33 & 34 of this issue and read MORE FROM THE CRACKED LENS.

Dear CRACKED,

I had a couple of broken ribs this summer and it was terribly painful to laugh. I'll have you know your magazine hurt like blue blazes.

Jason Reaves
Denver, Colorado

Dear Jason,

We're terribly sorry we caused you pain. Next time it hurts to laugh, tell us and we'll take all the funny out of your copy.

Dear CRACKED,

My brother always reads CRACKED WHILE STANDING ON HIS HEAD. Is this normal?

Jeanne Matheny
Madeira Beach, Fl.

Dear Jeanne,

Sure, that's how our writer's write it and artist's draw it.

Dear CRACKED,

As you can see, I am writing this letter on the postcard you included in your last issue. My only question is, will you print this being that you have a lettuce page and this is being written on a postcard?

Herb Collins
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Herb,

We'll think about it and let you know next month.

Dear CRACKED,

As you can plainly see, I have one of those names that always causes an outburst of laughter during roll call at school. I'm determined to have my name changed. Do you have any suggestions?

Jim Class
Aliquippa, Pa.

Dear Jim,

How about Poindexter Eldefern... of course your initials would be P.E. How about Ed Fiscal?? Of course, last name first you'd be Fiscal Ed.

Dear CRACKED,

Thank you for finally leaving my name out of your magazine. I've read the last two issues throughly and I can assure you I was most pleased to see I wasn't talked about, ridiculed or even mentioned. Believe me, all is forgotten.

Amos Svoboda
Mission, Texas

Dear Amos,

You're welcome, Amos. We will continue to keep CRACKED Svoboda free!

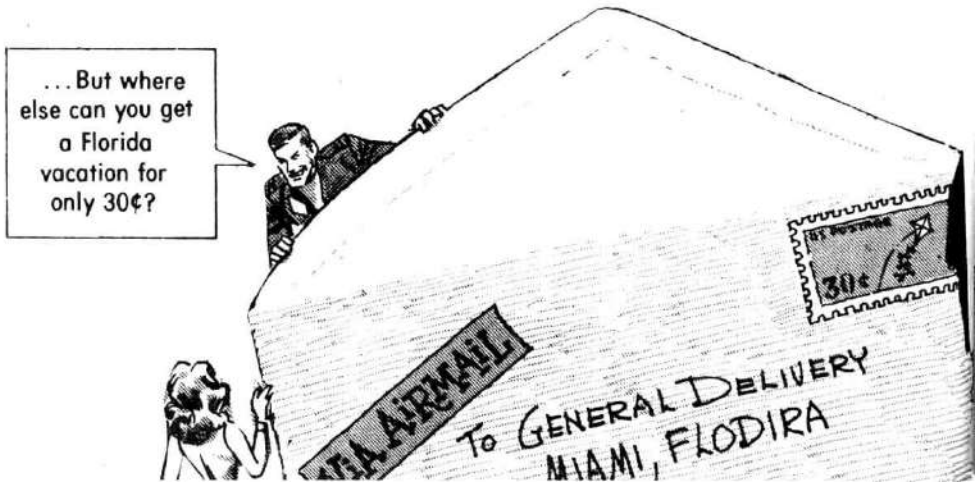
Dear CRACKED,

THE CRACKED WORLD OF SUMmer was so...so...summery! I bet you can find something funny about almost anything!

Robert Tinti
Smithtown, N.Y.

Dear Robert,

Yeah, anything except the few unsold issues we had last month! O.K.! Who's the slacker out there who missed issue #155??



CRACKED is buying a set of China that was made in Japan!

Dear CRACKED,
CRACKED INTERVIEWS THE GARBAGE KING was one of your best interviews ever. But then I guess we weren't that surprised seeing you're writing on a subject you know so much about.

Shannon & Shaun Dudley
Tampa, Fl.

Dear Shaun & Shannon,
Rubbish!

Dear CRACKED,
A CRACKED LOOK AT A BARBEQUE was really good!

Brian Thompson
Lander, Wyoming

Dear Brian,
What'd you do–eat it??

Dear CRACKED,
CRACKED INVESTIGATES THE U.F.O. PHENOMENON was super. It sounded just like a real government investigation.

Randy Wayburn
Montreal, Canada

Dear Randy,
True–only it was 300 pages too short and much too readable to be one.

Dear CRACKED,
I loved the postcards in your last issue, but found them very expensive to mail.

Amy Seibert
St. Petersburg, Fl.

Dear Amy,
Next time try pulling them OUT of the magazine before you drop them into a letterbox.

Dear CRACKED,
Have you heard the one about the penguin and the cop?

Tom Wilson
Boise, Idaho

Dear Tom,
Yeah, that's one of our favorites.

NEXT ISSUE—CRACKED #157
ON SALE AT YOUR
FAVORITE NEWSSTAND
NOVEMBER 7TH

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Don't be left paddling upstream without CRACKED. If you don't see your name going up in smoke, simply fill out the coupon below with $5.40 and have CRACKED imported to your living quarters. Our CRACKED cruise guarantees you'll never be overbored with us. So, don't miss the boat, subscribe NOW!

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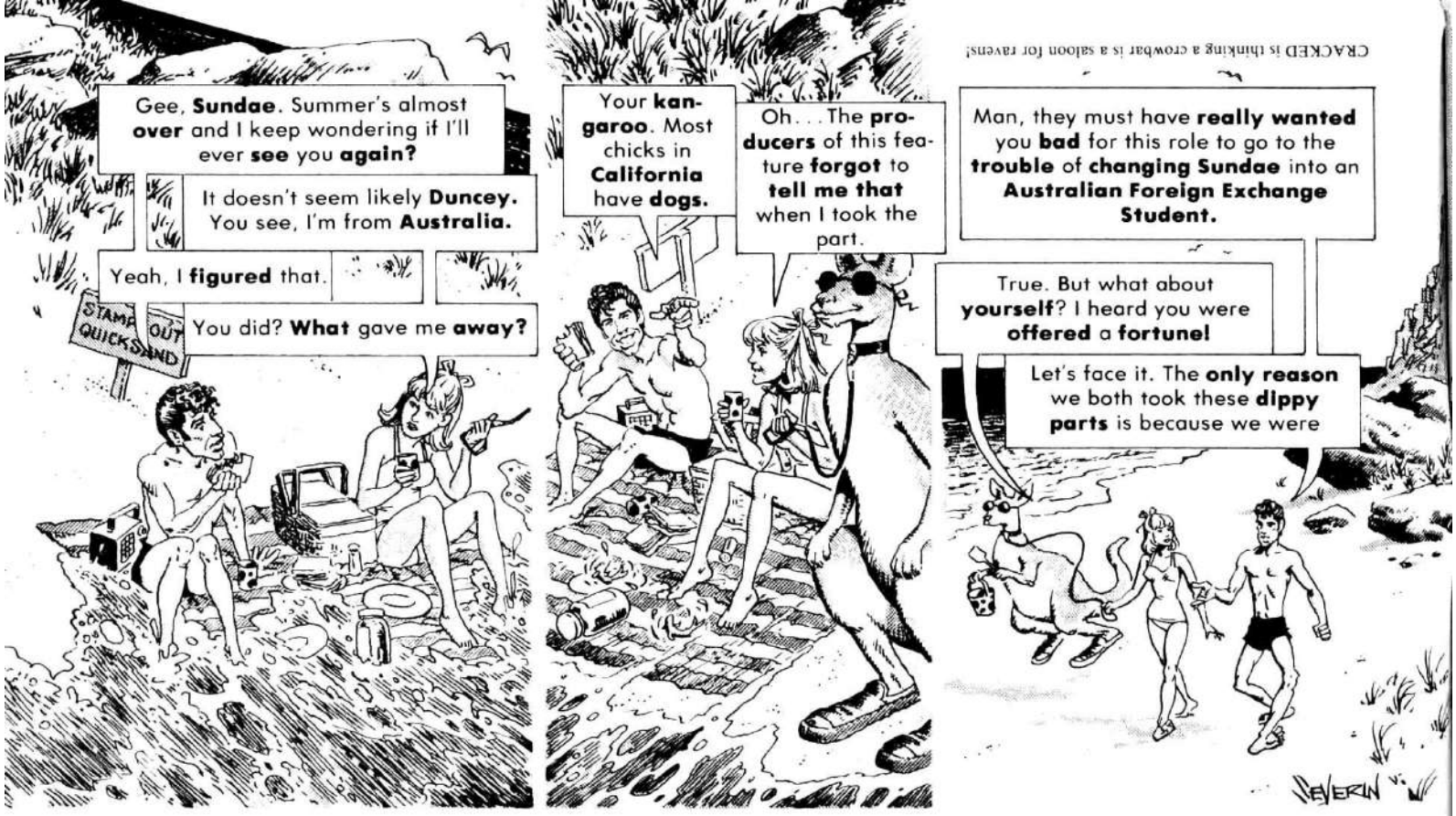
CRACKED is thinking a crowbar is a saloon for ravens!



GREASED!

Greased? Could you **explain** that?

They knew this film would prob'ly really rot.
They needed someone who, whose name was firey hot.
*Since I had **FEVER** and **KOTTER** too,*
They said Travolta man, the only actor is you.
My palm they Greased.

I turned them down, they showed up just the same.
They didn't understand, I wouldn't ruin my name.
They sent me steak and pork and sides of veal,
They said just name your price—
we'd sell our kids for this deal.
My palm was Greased.

**To the tune of "GREASE"*

Greased is the way, is the way, is the way.

They sent planes, did my cleaning.
Blink! Came a car and a boat with a trailer,
Greased is the way that they reached me.

They knew my records blew the kids away,
And that my looks were right for filling theatres each day.
They took a chance that maybe, yeah, I might bite
By sendin' little gifts, they played the hand that was right.
My palm was Greased.

Greased all the way, all the way, all the way.

They sent jewels that were gleaming.
Sent me a car and a boat and a trailer.
Greased is the way that they reached me.

Yes Greased all the way, Is the way,
That's the way. Is the way.

Here it is, the **first day** of **school** Doodles.

Yeah, no more **lyin'** around and **relaxing.**

Who **relaxed?!!** I was **out** everyday earning **money**. Why the **month** of **July** alone I made **$62.50.**

Knickle, who'd give you $62.50 to do **anything?**

My **parents**. They paid me **$1** for every **hour** I **stayed out** of the house.

Well, this is it girls. The **Fink Ladies' last** 2 semesters in **high school.**

Yeah, only **this year Frizzo**, we're **seniors.**

At last, **we'll** be the ones **cuttin'** out of school **early**, **drivin'** through the **halls, havin' spaghetti fights** with **Duncey** and **Knickle**...

Ain't it **great** to finally be a **mature adult.**

Hi everyone.

Hi **French-fried. Who's** the **Barbie Doll?**

I'm **Sundae**—from Australia—and I had a **great summer**. I met this **very nice** boy who, **alas**, I'll **never** see again.

Alas?

So, tell me honey, what was this **"nice boy's"** name?

Duncey Zooko!

Duncey?

Zooko!!

Gaw!

Snicker!

Wow! Gee! Ha!

You ladies **know Duncey?**

Us? NO.

Never heard of him.

Sorry.

CRACKED is asking for handouts at a charity ball!

Tennis balls and **plaster!** What a way for the **cafeteria** to kick off the school year.

Well, like they say—the **food's** good for **gluein'**, but not for **chewin'!**

Man, I wish I could get **out** of here already! Dis is my **third time.**

You been **left back** that often?

Not left back, but...

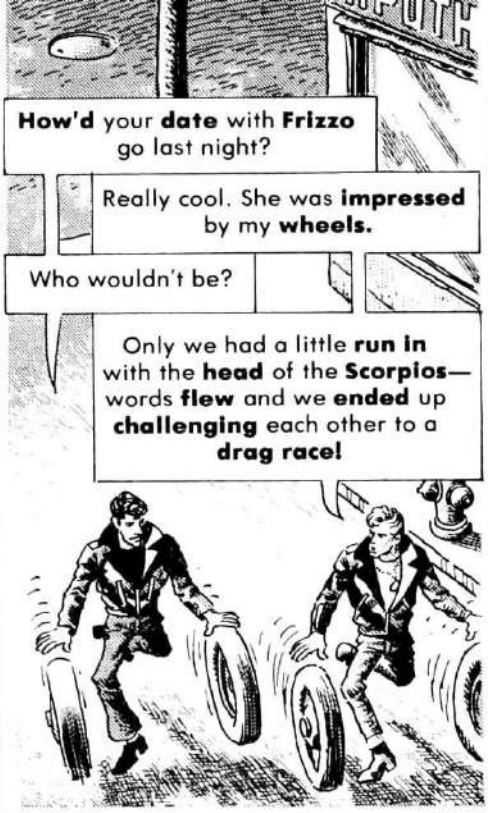
Went to high school, sure had a blast.
*Then did **KOTTER**, relived my past.*
Now again, here in this flick,
Back in school, makin' me sick.
Hollywood, long as it could,
Like to keep me a big teenage star.

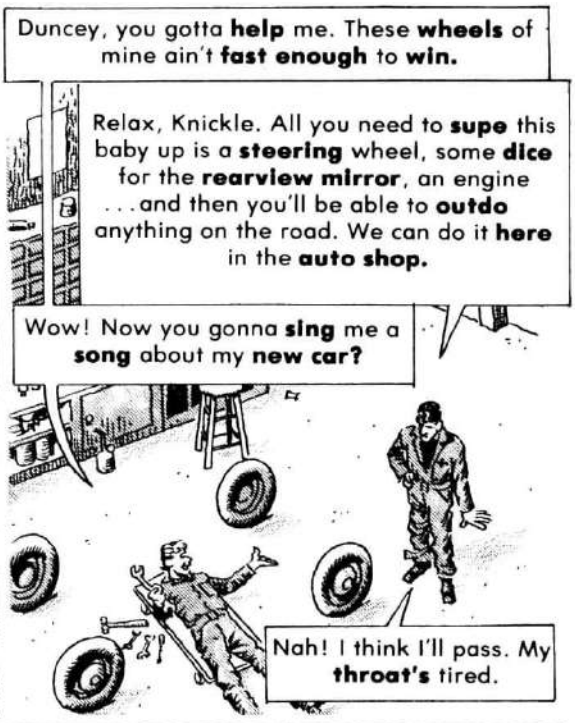
**Tune of "SUMMER NIGHTS"*

Yes sir, yes sir, yes sir.
33 — 33
That's the age of the cast
33 — 33
Man, our youth is long past.
We're old... believe...
oh yeah.

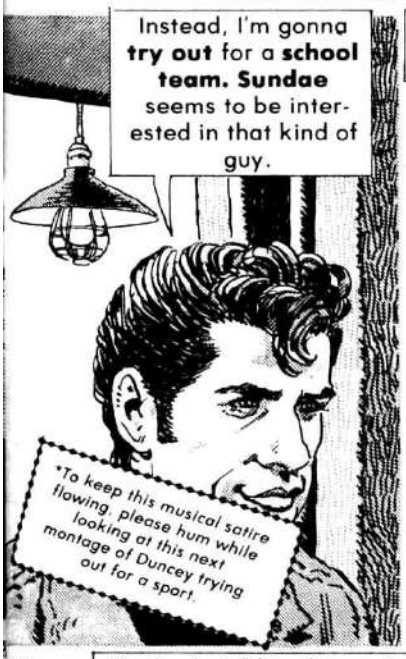
LOOK, MA... I'M DANCIN'! I'M DANCIN'!!

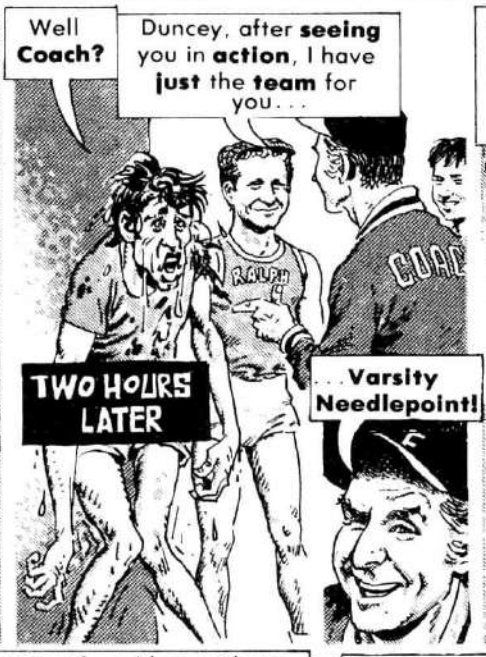
CRACKED is a doctor who forgets what room his amnesia case is in!

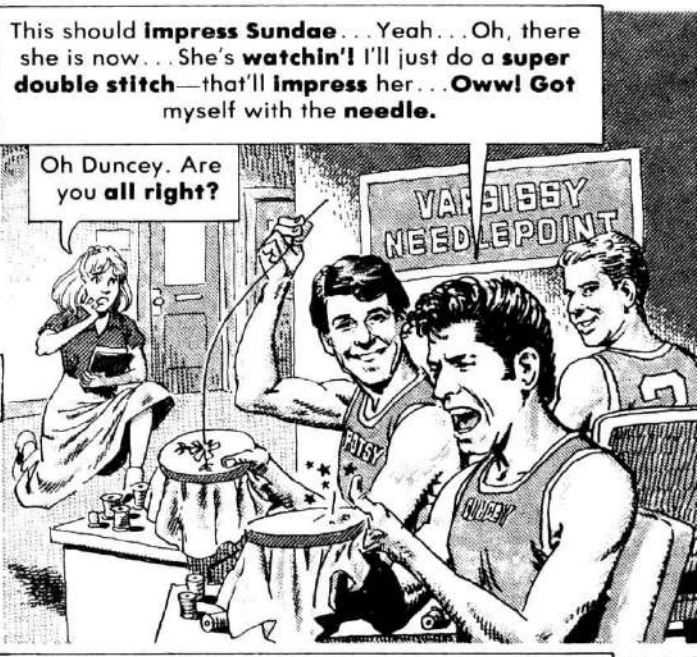


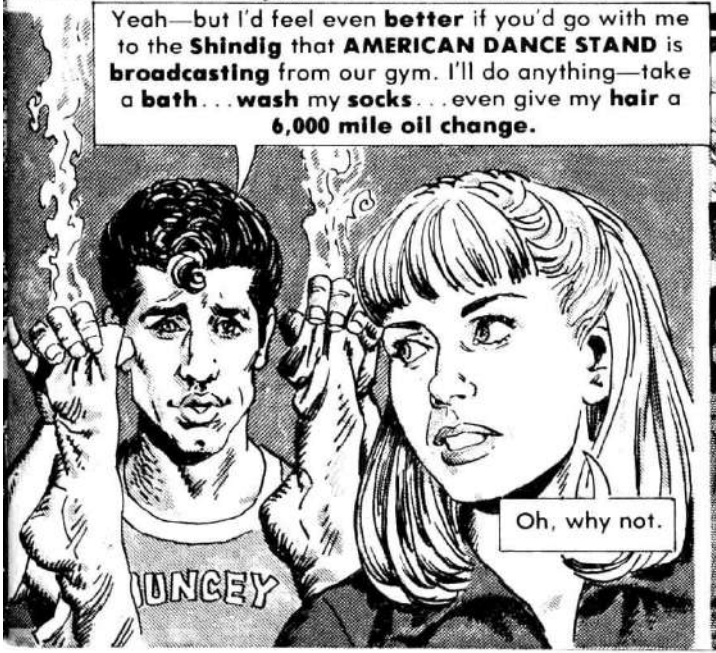


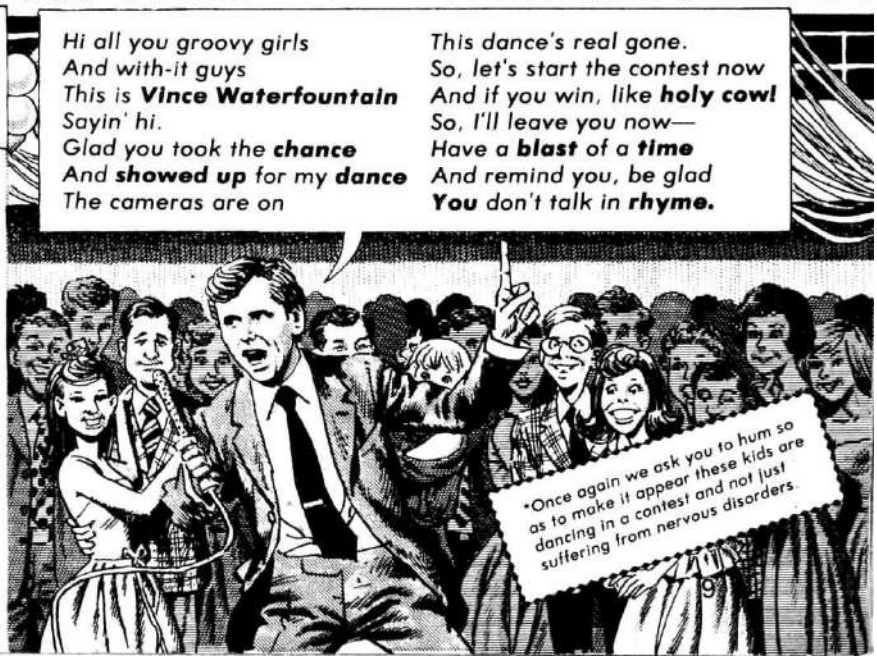
CRACKED is hiring an exterminator to see if your phone is bugged!



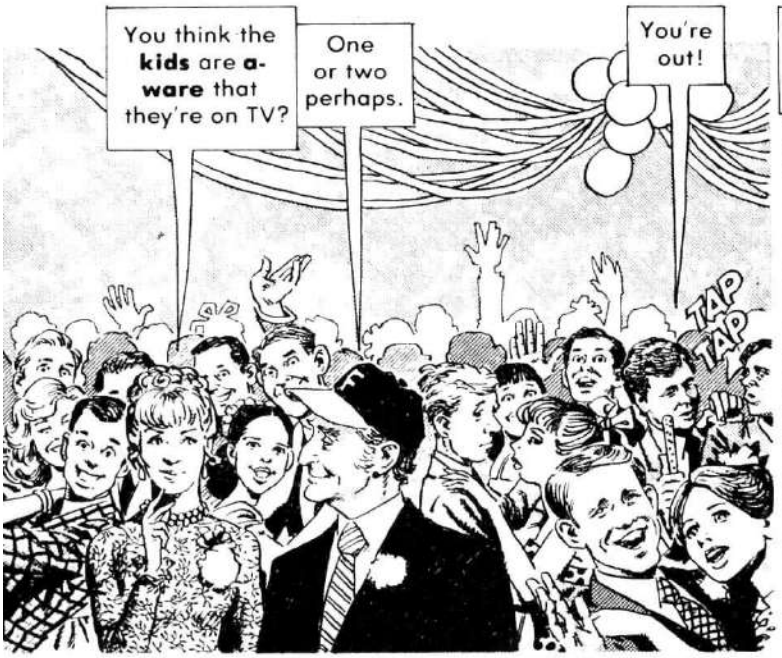


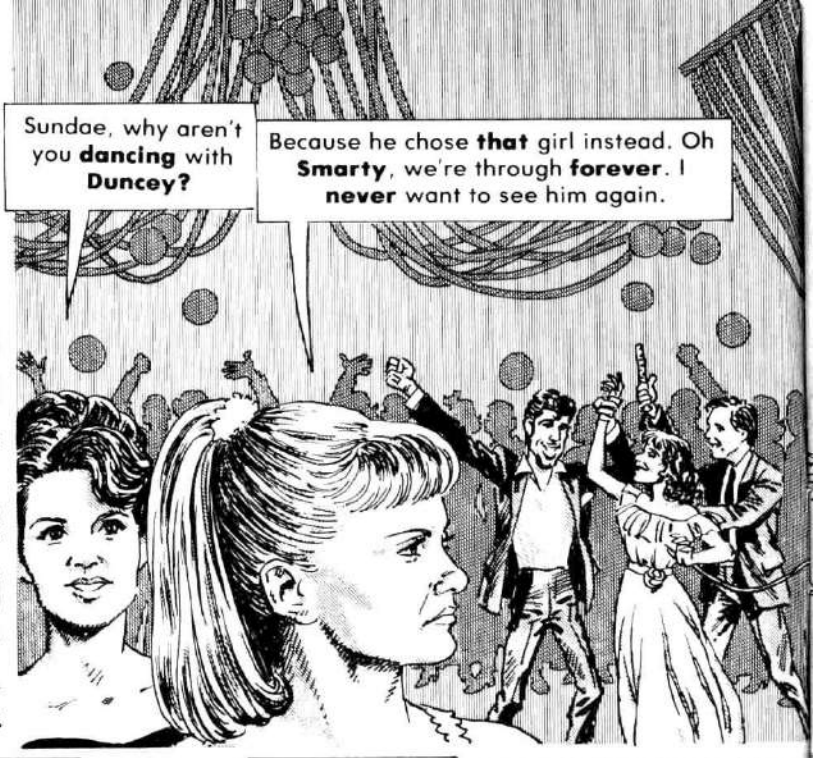


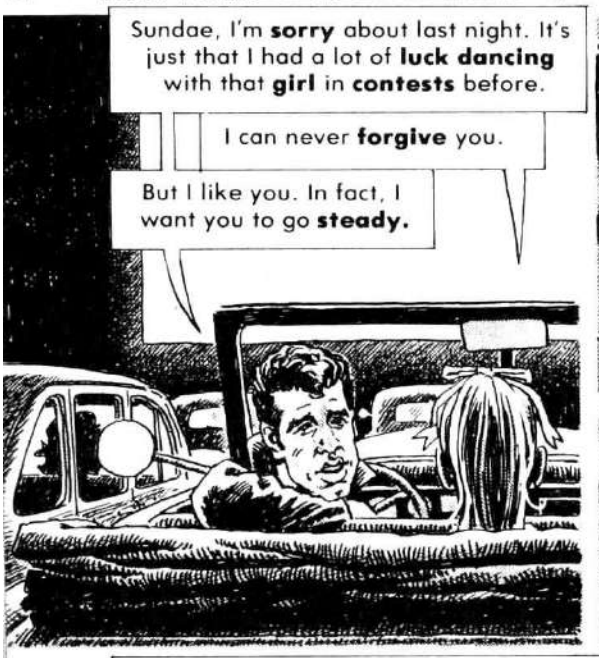


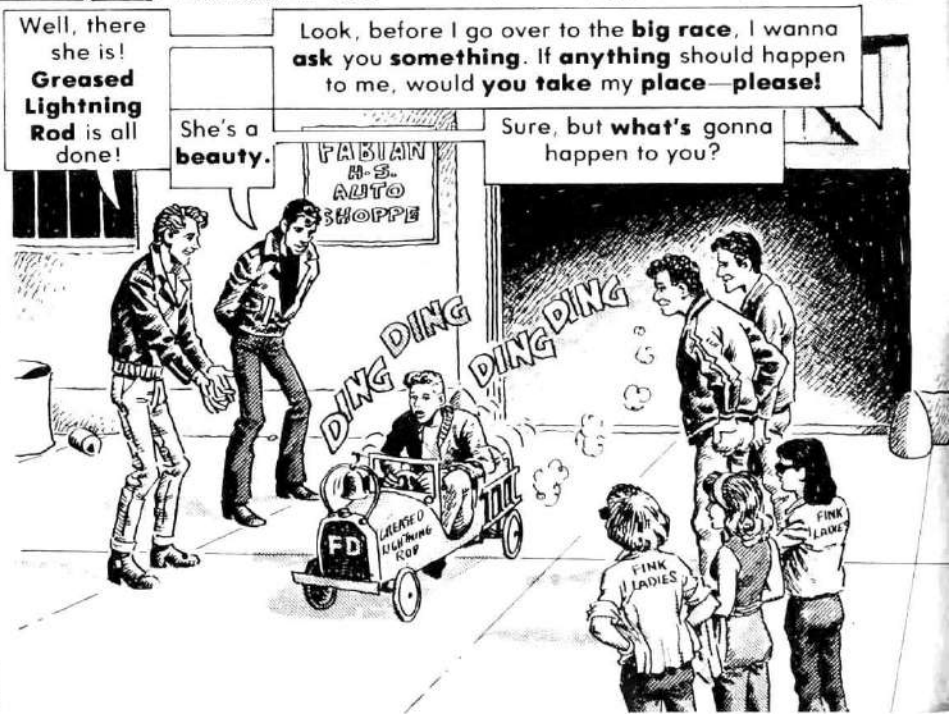


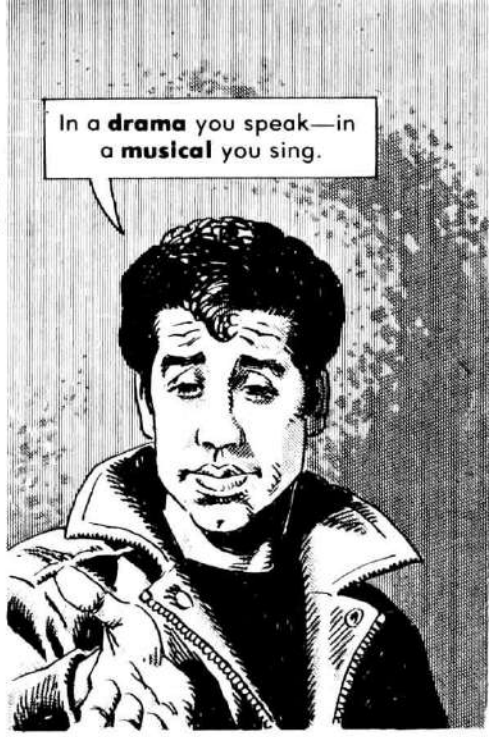
CRACKED is telling a hangman that no noose is good noose!

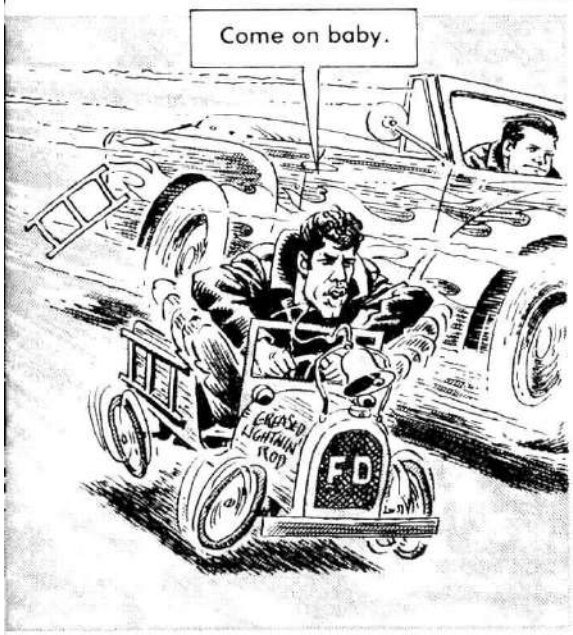




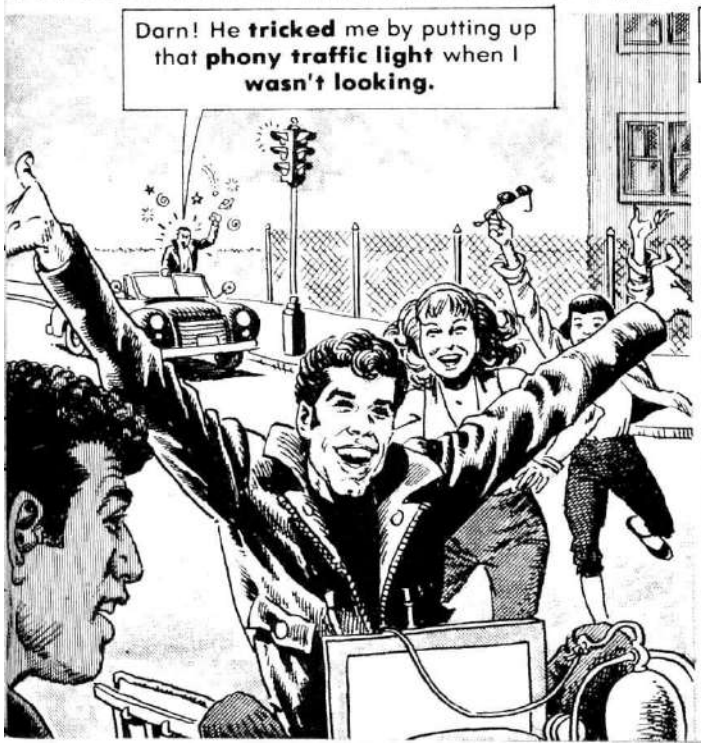


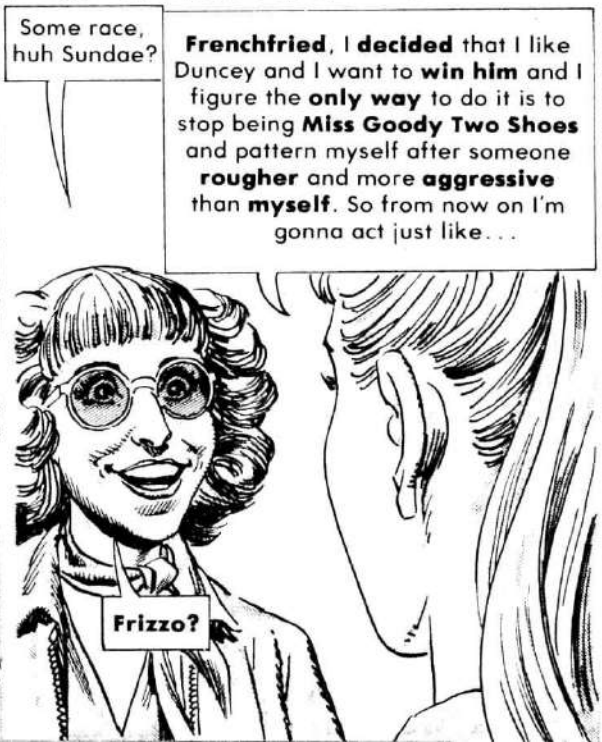






CRACKED is having your asbestos suit eaten by fireflies!





CRACKED is order a Manhattan and trying to pay the bartender with $24 worth of beads!

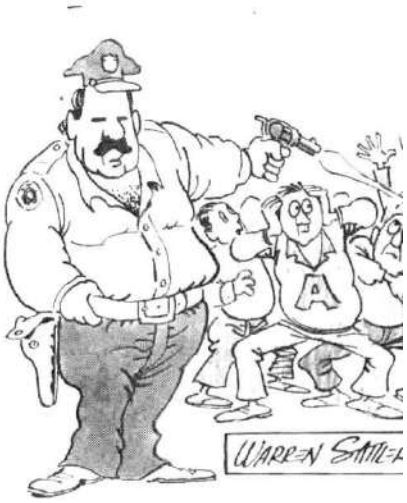
WHY NEW YORK LOST THE 1984 SUMMER OLYMPICS

We all know New York City lost its try to capture the 1984 Summer Olympics for the Big Apple. But why did it lose? We think we have the answer. Printed below is the official proposition for the Olympics put forth by New York's leaders.

FUN CITY OLYMPICS

A marathon runner, under police guard, will complete his journey from Secaucus, New Jersey holding aloft a flaming aerosol can of burning incense.

500 bats will be released as a symbolic gesture of freedom.



A Police Special .38 will be fired over the head of the spectators and the Olympics will get underway.

1. 100-Meter Mugging

Contestants wearing sneakers and shorts are assigned a victim rounding a simulated street corner in the Bronx.

At the crack of the starter's pistol, the entrant takes off, knocks the victim flying, snatches the purse, emptying the contents as he does so.

Points are deducted if the victim can identify mugger and if purse isn't dropped neatly into wastebasket.

2. Short Person's Jousting

Event was brought about due to pressure by the National Association for the Advancement of Short People.

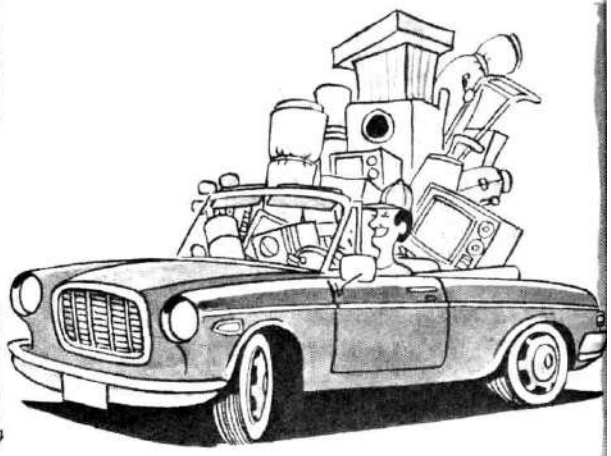
Tiny folks from the world over will re-live the jousting duels of days gone by, charging each other while racing at top speed astride miniature French poodles.

Use of pool cues more than one foot in length will disqualify contestant.

3. Team Looting

Squads from the nation's six largest cities will compete. Competition begins with simulated blackout.

Racers will invade and break down barriers to their favorite used car agency, appliance store or supermarket.



Points are given for total team value of the accumulated stolen items.

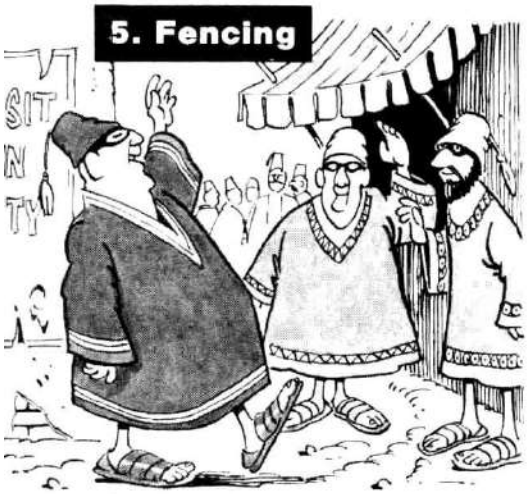
4. Two-Mile Run Escape

Real-life prisoners, manacled to their arresting officers, are turned loose for this escape epic through picturesque Central Park.

With police in hot pursuit, the fleet-footed fleers will dodge, twist, feint and glide in their hopes to gain freedom.

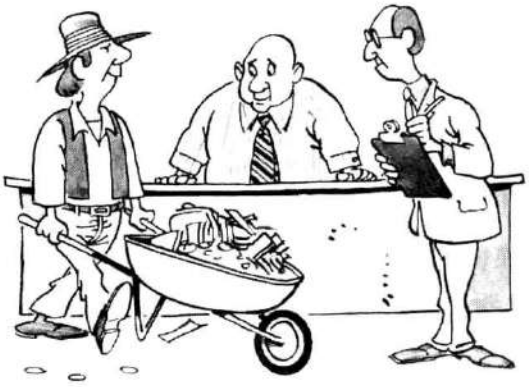
Police are allowed a maximum of 3 shots, warning or otherwise.

5. Fencing



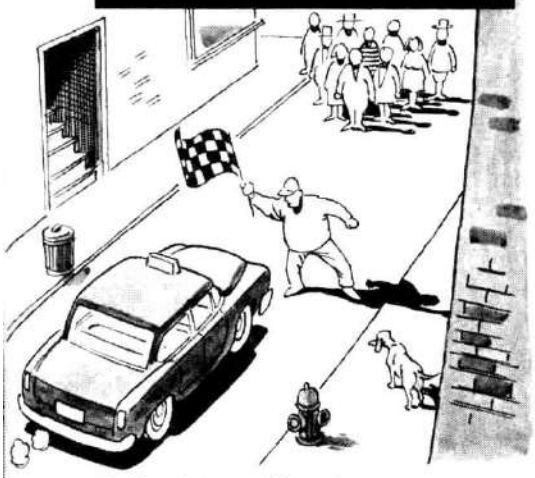
Simulated Persian marketplace is the setting for this event held under cover of darkness.

Trained thieves from 18 nations are given 10 hours to infiltrate the crowds and heist whatever they can and sell it to "fences" of national repute.



Contestants get points by dickering and haggling as watchful judges count the loot and weigh valuables received.

6. Pedestrian Bowling

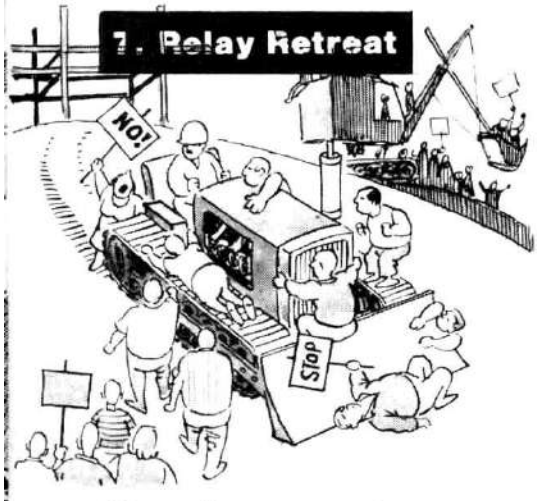


Pedestrians, lined up on a narrow one-way street in bowling set-up, try to avoid being run down by wild-eyed cabbies from all over the world.

Drivers try for strikes and spares.

Contestants rolling a perfect 300 receive a gold medal and title of "The Asphalt Assassin."

7. Relay Retreat



24-member teams of protesters line up to prevent workers from building a new gymnasium.

Creative shouting and original picket signs add to each team's total score.

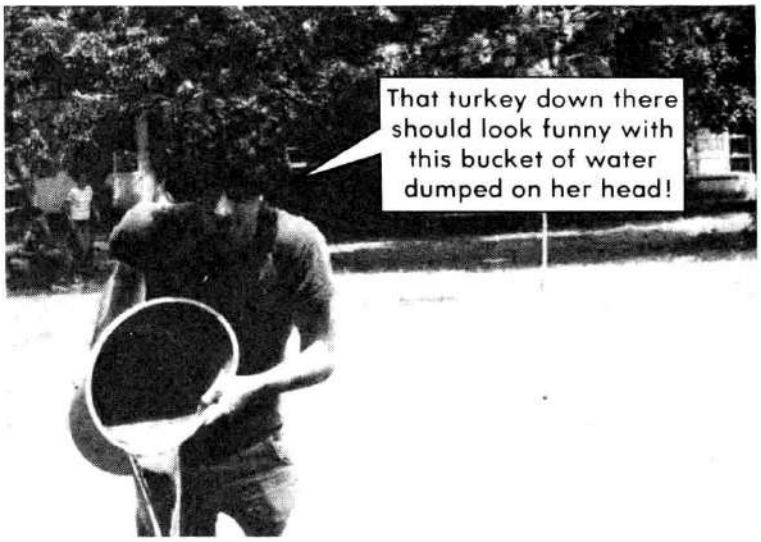
Orderliness and neatness count heavily when police show up with riot guns.

Official proposition offered winners of first place — two weeks in New York City. Second prize — three weeks in New York City.
As a follow-up, the Federal Government promised 30,000 federally funded jobs to clean up New York after the games. The job would take four years, just in time for the next Olympic games.

Photoon

We're having a contest to see who is the funniest looking person on this page. I cast my ballot for **that** guy down **there.**

Oh yeah? Well, I think **you** look pretty strange!


That turkey down there should look funny with this bucket of water dumped on her head!

Will you get a load of **that** guy?!!

I vote for the one in the tophat!

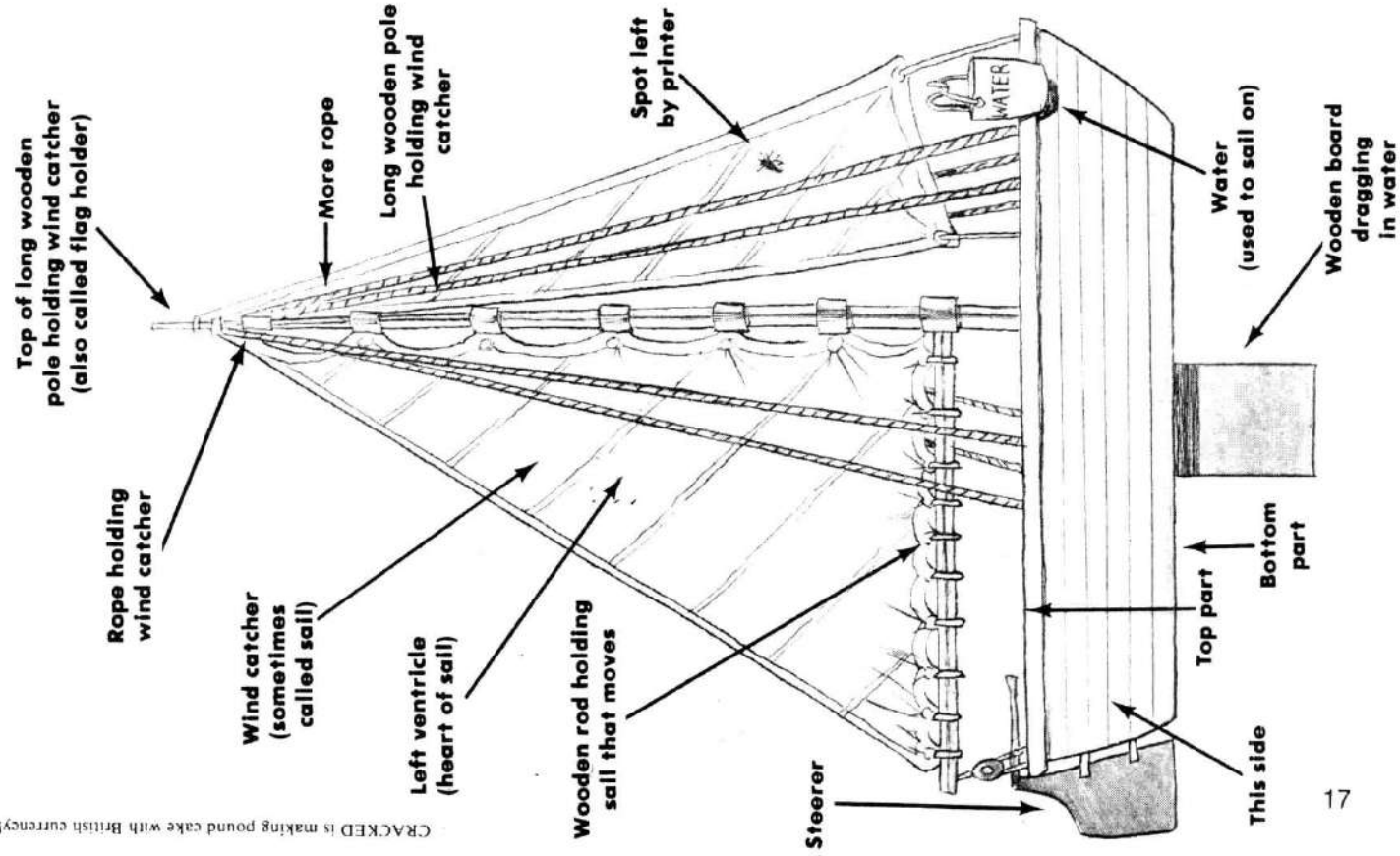
He's the funniest looking!

Wait a minute. . .I'm not playing. . .I'm just running through here to get over to Nanny Dickering's interview!

Puzzled? Perplexed? Did you enter that contest hoping to win a 3 lb. turkey only to walk away with a 25′ sloop! "What am I going to do with it? How do I use it? Do you think it would taste good roasted or stuffed?" Fear not, for all the answers to these questions (and tens more having nothing to do with the subject) are here in

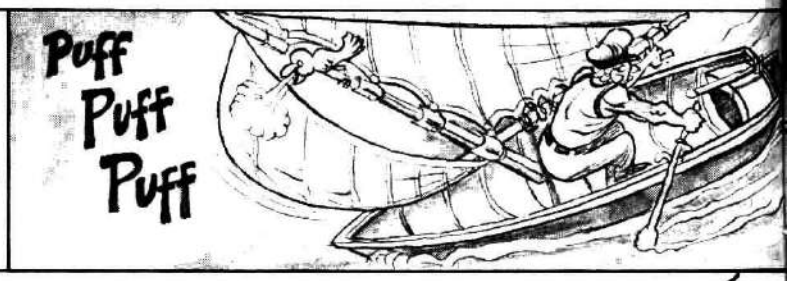
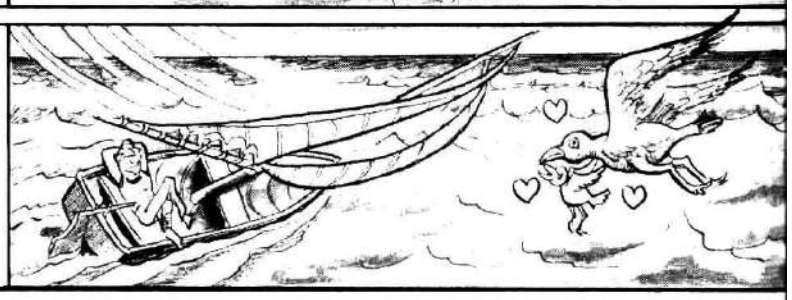
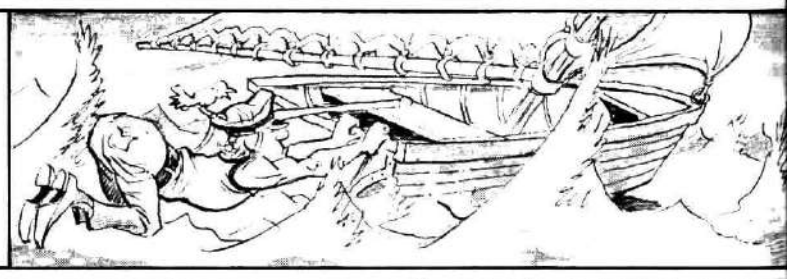
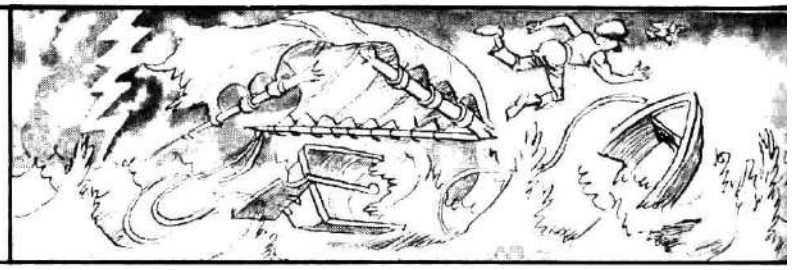
THE CRACKED GUIDE TO SAILING

All right Mr. Toadflinger, you've got your boat—now what? Well, we suggest you learn the *technical terms* for each of the parts, so that you might better understand this guide. To do so, please turn sideways—(Not your body Mr. Toadflinger—the page!!!)



Got those parts memorized? Good. Because we're now going to talk about the single most important item needed to operate your vessel—the *wind*. Below is a chart (known as the CRACKED Wind Scale) which illustrates which winds are best for sailing. Tape this chart to the long wooden pole holding the wind catcher for easy reference.

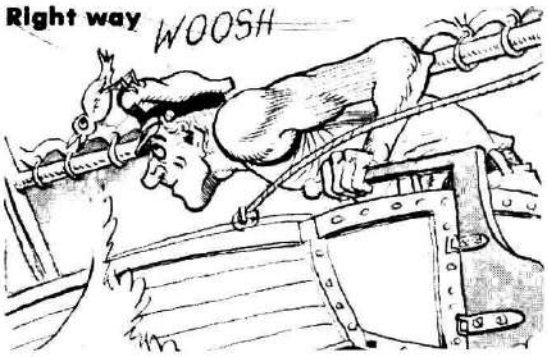
CRACKED WIND SCALE

WIND NUMBER	DESCRIPTION	CHARACTERISTICS	ILLUSTRATION
0	CALM	Sea is calm; sails hang limp; artificial propulsion needed to move; don't you wish this boat had a poop deck to poop out on.	
2	LIGHT BREEZE	Ripples in sea; sails filling up; vessel traveling at good speed; tra la, tra la.	
7	MODERATE GALE	Waves in sea; wind picking up; boat may be hard to control; hair won't be easy to manage.	
9	STRONG GALE	Large waves; very strong winds; boat out of control—remember what happened to Gilligan?	
12	HURRICANE	White caps; matching scarf; raging sea; wind much too strong; what are you doing out, dummy?	

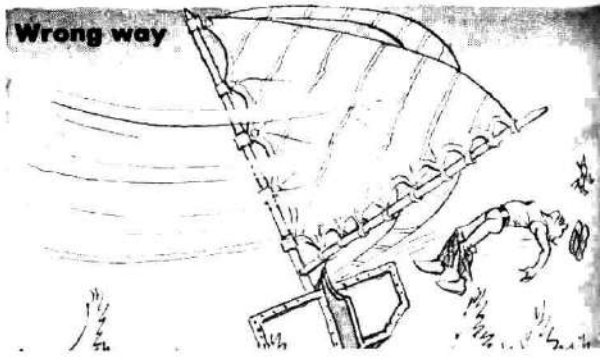
Now in order to steer your ship in the wind, you should know about tacking.

Good try, but tacking is being able to maneuver the vessel through the water by allowing the sail to change direction as it catches the wind. It is a tricky maneuver.

Right way



Wrong way



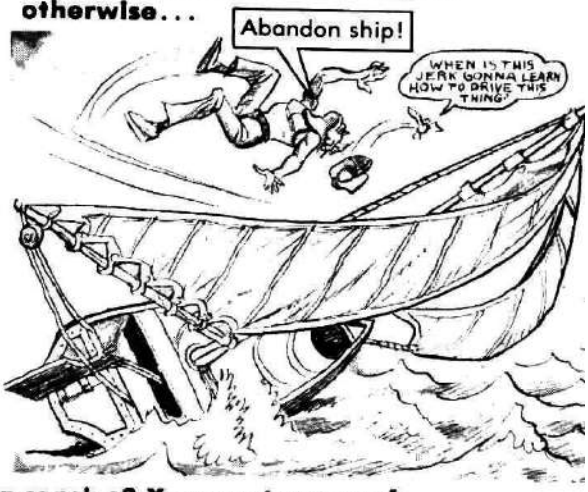
If you have done this wrong, then it is time to practice a second maneuver—swimming...or (if you have gone out not being able to swim) drowning!

All right, Mr. Toadflinger, do you know how to gybe?

Not *jive*, Mr. Toadflinger—*gybe*.

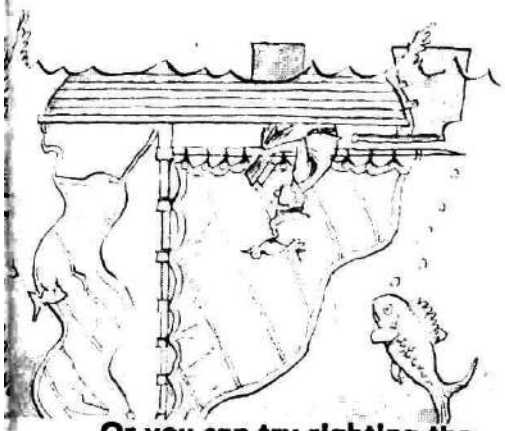
Gybing is also changing the direction of the sail, only with a strong wind you have to give it a slight nudge.

Or is this *tacking* and the previous *gybing*? Well, what's in a name anyway. The main thing is to catch the wind right, otherwise...



Well, look at you Mr. Toadflinger! —So *what* should you do after a *capsize*? You can try one of several things.

You can sit and wait for help.



Or you can try righting the vessel yourself.

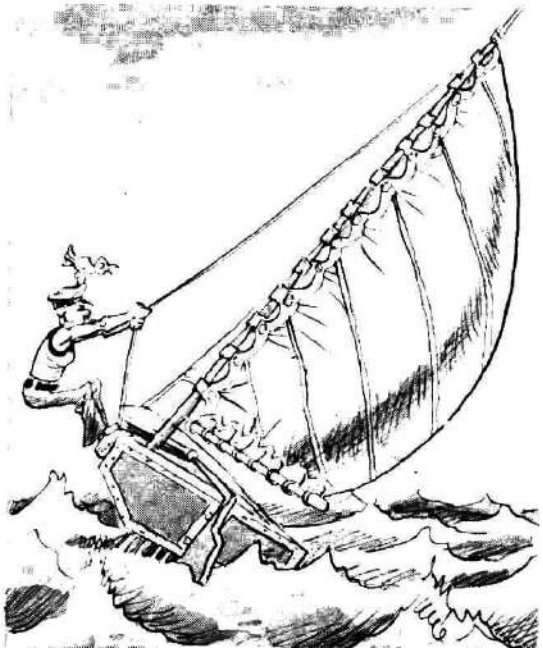
This is done by stepping onto the centerboard and jumping.

But don't jump too hard.

Important. When righting the boat, observe the direction of the wind, otherwise...

Now let's talk about *sitting out*.
This is when you and your crew lean over the side of the boat.

No, no Mr. Toadflinger. You're leaning the wrong way.

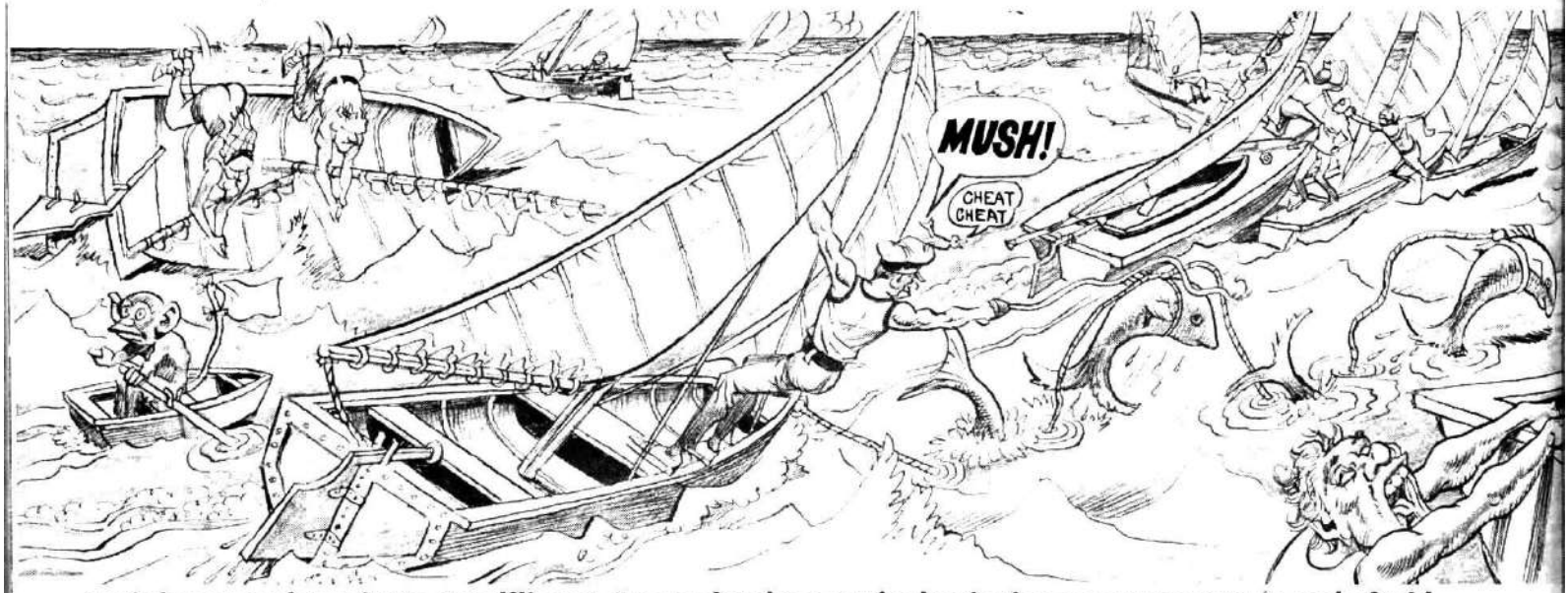


Of course there are hazards to this kind of sailing.

Now, as you become a better sailor, you might one day want to race your boat.

To win a race, you need a Crackerjack crew—so we suggest you drill them.

And then the day of the big race comes. There are 200 sailboats out at sea competing against one another. To the observer on shore, it's an awesome sight. But to the trained eye, who knows what to look for, it is often easy to separate the seasoned sailor (a sure winner) from the rank amateur (a certain loser.)



And there you have it Mr. Toadflinger. Remember how at the beginning you were unsure and afraid of owning a boat—but here you are a seasoned pro—bookwise. But as you now start out for real, keep these last three things in mind.

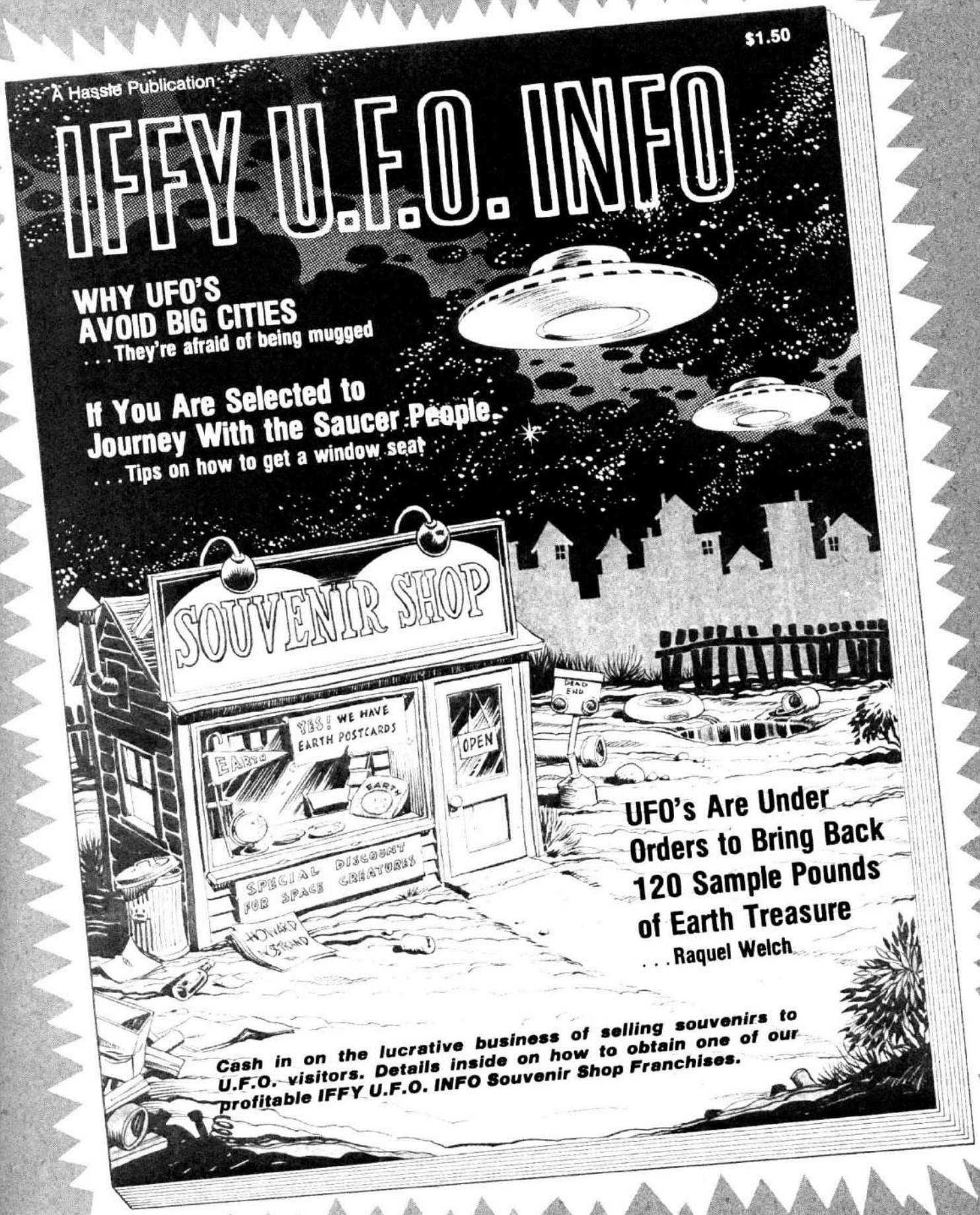
Limit the number of people you invite on your boat...

If, later, you like the sport, you might try trading up to something bigger.

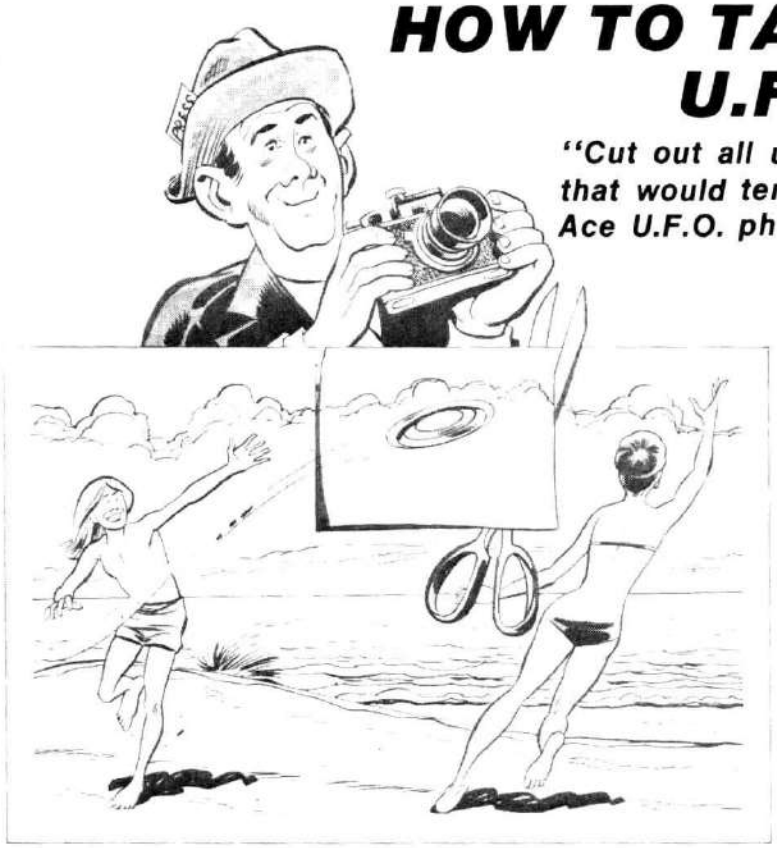
But for now, start with your smaller boat in waters that you'll have no trouble navigating.

CRACKED is shooting dice with a rifle!

Some people look up at the skies and see flying saucers, some see UFO's, and still others see dollar signs. In the latter group are the publishers of magazines like . . .

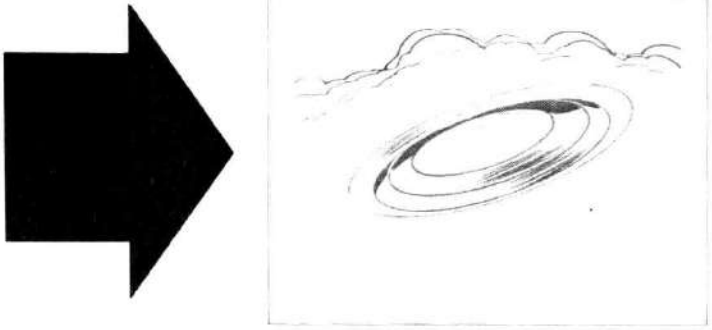


HOW TO TAKE GOOD U.F.O. PICTURES

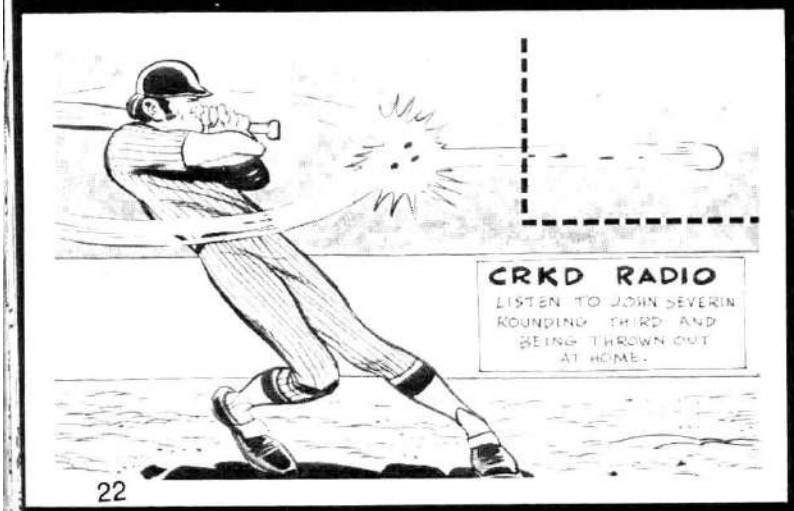


"Cut out all unnecessary portions of a picture that would tend to confuse viewers", says "Flash" Gunn, Ace U.F.O. photographer.

By judicious cropping of photo on left "Flash" came up with this prize-winning U.F.O. photo.



Some more of Flash's prize U.F.O. photos. Dotted lines indicate where pictures were cropped.

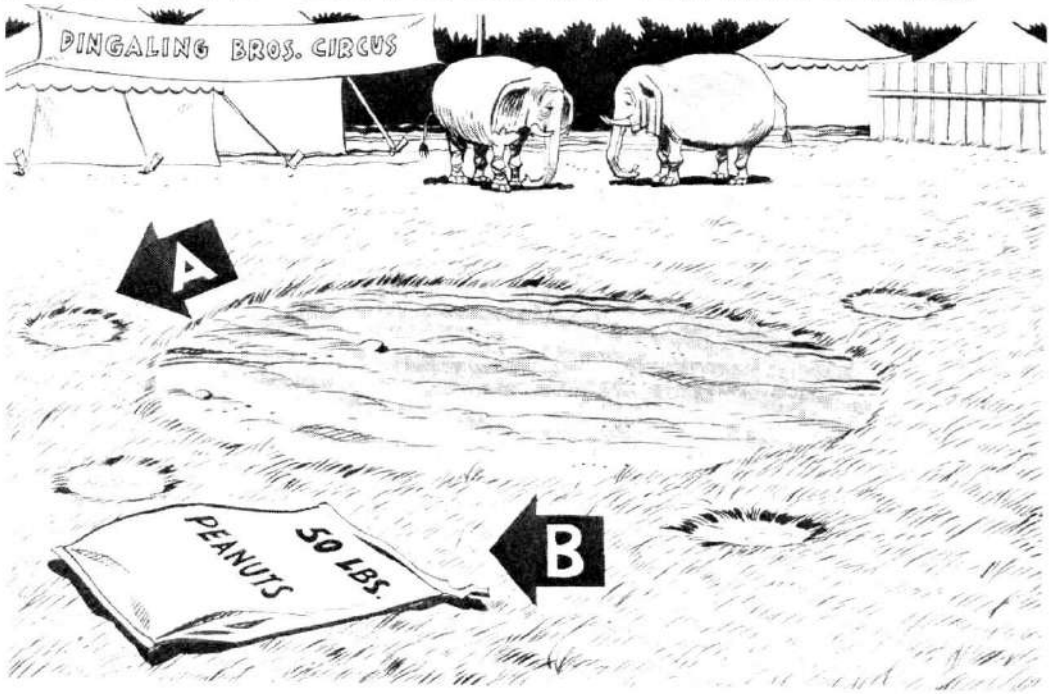


U.F.O. RING OFFERS CONCLUSIVE PROOF OF RECENT SAUCER LANDING

As everyone knows "U.F.O. Rings" are circular marks left in fields by hovering or landed U.F.O.s.

The photo at right is a classic example of a U.F.O. Ring. Notice how the U.F.O.'s rocket exhaust has eaten away a large circular bare patch in the grass field. Additional U.F.O. proof was found in the numerous landing pod prints (see arrow "A") located on the outside perimeter of the ring.

Saucer experts agree that the large empty peanut bag (arrow "B") was left behind by the space aliens as some sort of goodwill gesture towards President Jimmy Carter.



EYE-WITNESS REPORTS OF U.F.O.'S

Below are some of the many secret eye-witness reports of U.F.O.s that your government is trying to keep from you.

Zeke Clodhopper,
farmer,
Redneck, Georgia

It was back in July Ah saw them UFO critters. Ah remember the night well 'cause it was the same night Ah was samplin' some of my cousin Billy's powerful new moonshine.

Frank Zonkout,
Collector of spare change,
East Village, N.Y.

Like man! Wow! It was so . . . so fantastic! It was, you know, so undescribable! Wow!

Beejay,
household pet,
Carlsbad, California

Woof!
Woof!
Grrr!
Woof!
Woof!

Cal Klinch,
Professional Boxer,
Haymaker, Kentucky

D-uh, I saw UFO's alright, hundreds of them with the lights flashing all over the place. I saw them sometime during the fifth and final round of my bout with Muhammad Ali.

FORM LETTERS FOR YOUR SPACE JOURNEY

If the aliens from outer space select you to accompany them to some distant planet, you may not have the time or the presence of mind to write a coherent letter for your loved ones. As a public service IFFY UFO INFO offers some sample letters you may copy:

Dear Mom and Dad,

Taking a trip (a real one) with the UFO people for maybe ten, twenty or thirty years. So I guess graduating from high-school will have to wait a while. Ha! Ha! Please feed (INSERT NAME OF PET), keep my room the way it is & don't lend anyone my (INSERT NAME OF PRIZED POSSESSION). And put my allowance money in an 8% compound interest savings account!! PLEASE!!

Your loving SON DAUGHTER (STRIKE OUT ONE)

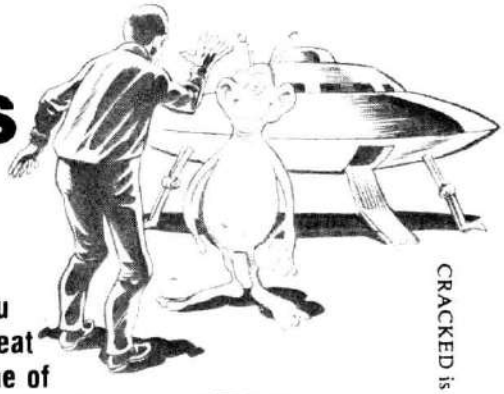
P.S. Don't worry about me.

Dear (name of spouse)
I know you and the kids will be thrilled to hear that I have been selected to accompany the saucer people for an extended journey back to their home planet.
I have full confidence in your ability to raise our children properly, and to pay off our mortgage and other accumulated bills, and to answer the thousand-and-one questions that our nosey in-laws, relatives and neighbors will probably ask. Will fill you in on all the exciting details when I get back, assuming, of course, I decide to return.

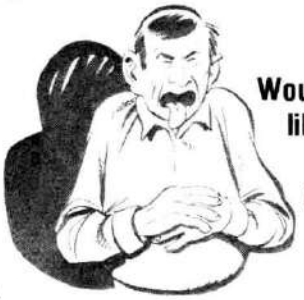
Your loving spouse.

INTERGALACTIC SIGN LANGUAGE SYMBOLS

For Conversing With Space Visitors



Would you like to visit one of our jet airports?



Would you like to eat at one of our fast-food chains?

Earth politicians are in there!

Would you like to listen to Earth politicians speak?

CRACKED is calling the ASPCA because it's raining cats and dogs!

Will you be ready to go along when alien space creatures invite you to visit their planet? **IFFY U.F.O. INFO** puts out a complete line of products to make your space journey more pleasant.

THREE-IN-ONE GLOW IN THE DARK KIT

Saucer people may not be able to see you in the dark. Our special kit lets them know you're out there. Only $12.88 while they last.

You may be taken to a different planet with an extremely light gravity force.

Our special 100 lb. sandbag will help weigh you down.

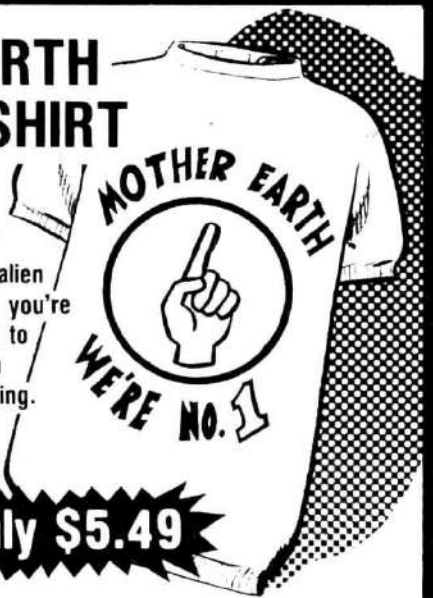
$1.38

Sand not included.

SNACK PACK

It may be awhile before you become accustomed to the saucer people's food. Our snack pack of chips, nuts and Twinky's eases the transition to a strange alien diet. A bargain at $7.49, includes carrying case.

EARTH T-SHIRT



Show your alien hosts you're proud to be an earthling.

Only $5.49

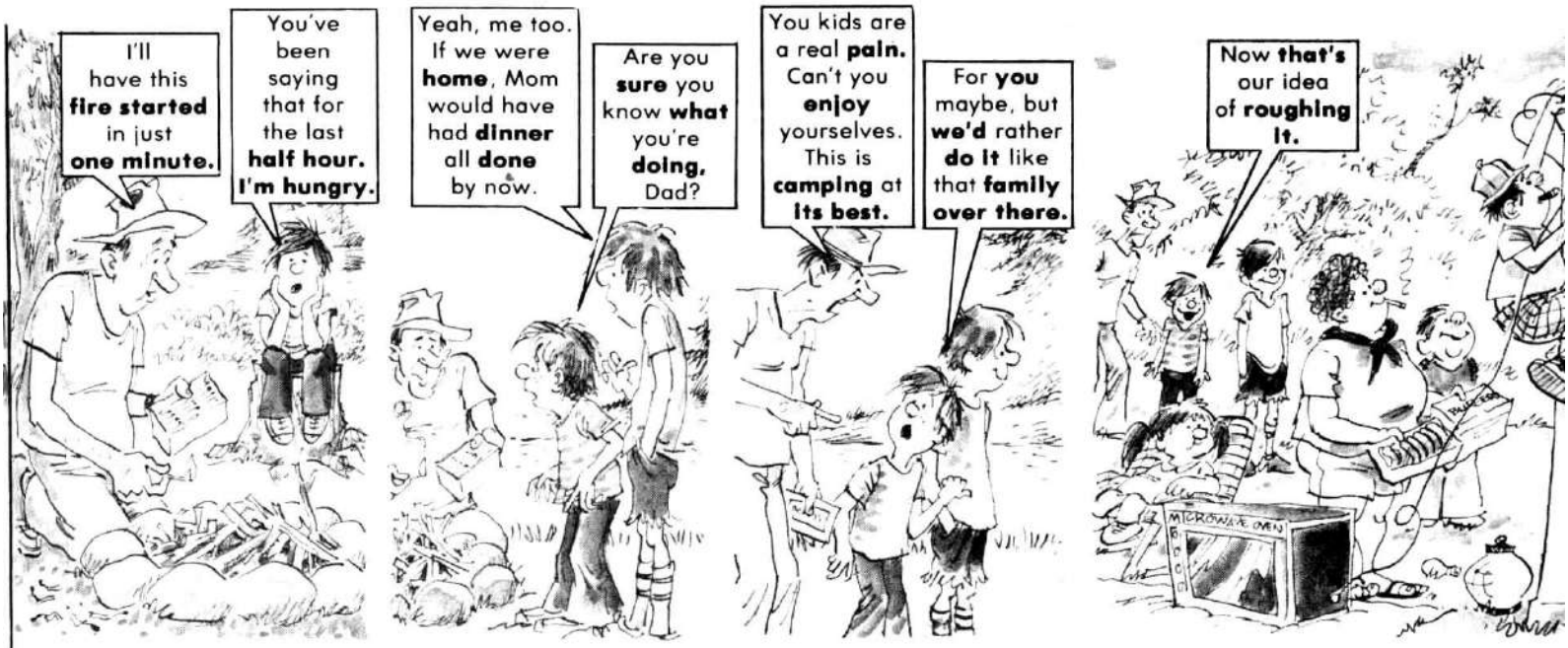
IMPRESS SPACE CREATURES WITH THESE OFFICIAL LOOKING BADGES

Not toys, or gags, but the real thing to impress your alien hosts with your status on Earth.

$3.95 *each*

THE CRACKED WORLD OF

APPLIANCES


I'll have this **fire started** in just **one minute.**
You've been saying that for the last **half hour. I'm hungry.**
Yeah, me too. If we were **home**, Mom would have had **dinner** all **done** by now.
Are you **sure** you know **what** you're **doing,** Dad?
You kids are a real **pain.** Can't you **enjoy** yourselves. This is **camping** at **its best.**
For **you** maybe, but **we'd** rather **do it** like that **family over there.**
Now **that's** our idea of **roughing it.**
MICROWAVE OVEN

. . . an **appliance** for **hot dogs**, a **food processor** for shredding and dicing . . .
And yet with all these things, we almost **never eat home.**
Go on.
No, it's true. I've got **so** many of these helpful small appliances in the **kitchen**. . .
that there's **no room** left for me to **cook!**

This **warranty** is **good** for 20 years if **anything** goes **wrong** with it—like it **tears** or something—we'll **fix it** free.
WARRENTY
Now, the peeler on the other hand. . . that's **disposable.**
You mean it **can't** be **fixed?**
Oh, it can be fixed. . .
But when you **hear** the **price** of **repairing** it, you'll **throw it away** immediately!!
ELECTRICAL CAT LITTER BOXES
LIST TO CRAZ EDDI HE'S NUTS

John, you won't **regret** having **bought** this **freezer** for us. With all the **meat** it **holds**, I can buy **pounds** and **pounds** of it when it's on **sale** and **save** us a fortune.

There. **Everything** is in **place.**
Good, what's for dinner?
Oh, we're **eating out.**

Eating out! But what about all the **food** we have here at home?
Don't be silly, John. We **can't** eat **that**...

It's all frozen!!

What a **drag**. Every week I have to come to this **laundramat** and do a **wash**. If I could afford it, I'd just **buy** all **new clothes** every Monday and **throw** the **dirty** stuff **away.**

There's no...why hello.
Hi.
You know I was just **grumbling** about having to **spend** so much time around these **washers** and **dryers**—and then I **spotted** you.

You're **beautiful.**
Thank you.
I love your **eyes**. They go so **well** with your **head.**
WANTED

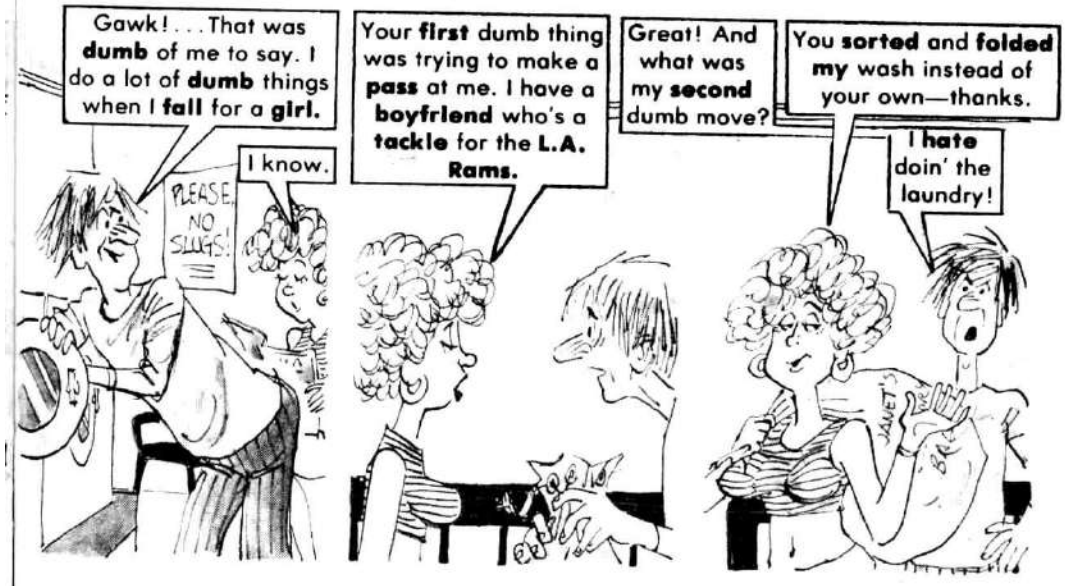
Hi **Jennifer**. You gonna be up in your **room** this **afternoon?**
Sure Hank. Drop by.
Mind if I **stop by** too?
Sure Suzy.

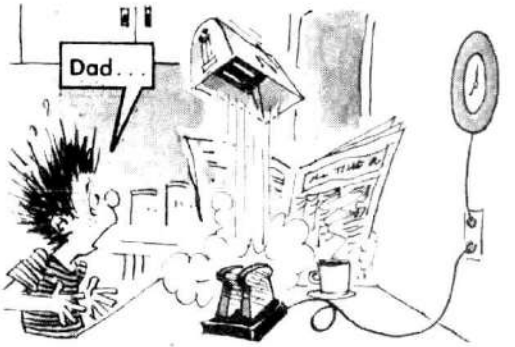
You certainly are **popular** this **semester.**
That's because I **decided** to make myself more **appealing.**
How'd you do **that?**

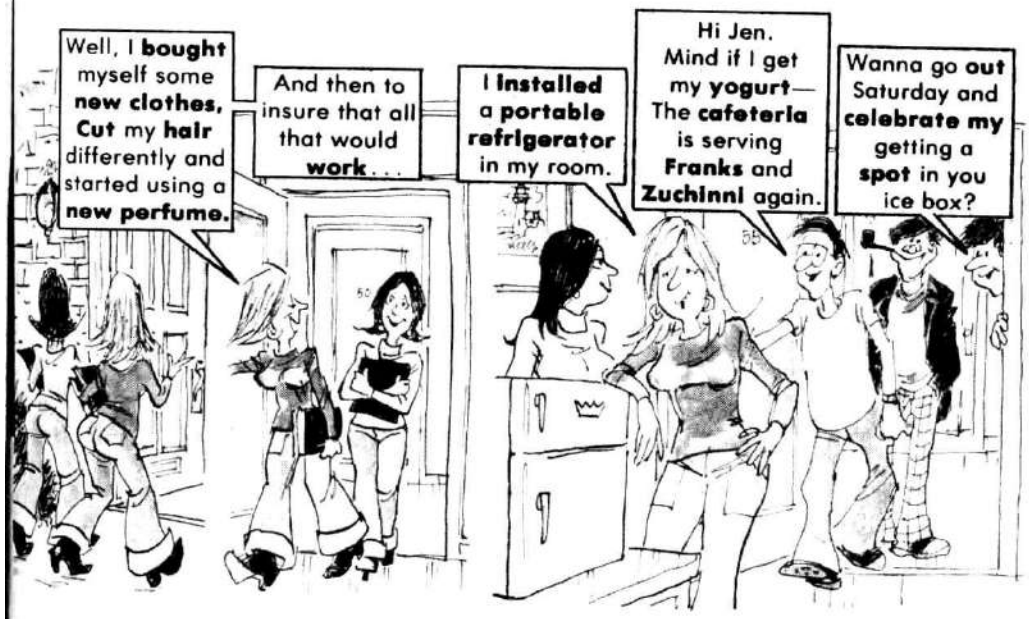
Oh my gosh! A **tragedy** has struck the **Metterling** household.
What's wrong?

The **electric can opener** is broken. I **can't** make your **lunch.**

I don't **believe you! Electric** this...**electric** that. My Mother used to do **everything** by hand—and by golly...







CRACKED is calling an astronomer a night watchman!

Though the market is flooded with thousands of products that cater to every conceivable whim, we here at CRACKED felt that there were still certain vital needs being overlooked. So, in order to correct this grave situation we sent a team of research scientists (under the able leadership of Dr. Hans Able) to work on the problem, and finally after much hard work, they developed these new

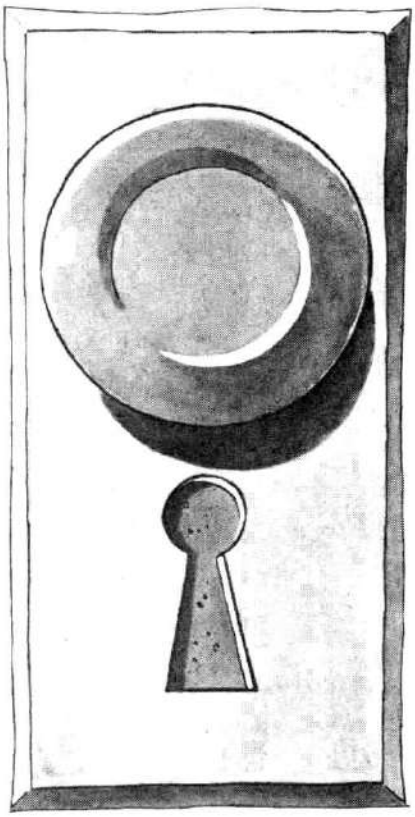
CRACKED PRODUCTS FOR EVERYDAY USE

SMOKE AWAY — the sure fire way to quit smoking

Just aim . . . . . and fire

You'll be amazed at the results.

PICK-PROOF



It's been said that there's no such thing as a pick proof lock. Ha! That's because those doing the talking never saw "Pick-Proof" — the revolutionary lock whose key hole comes filled with concrete. We dare ANYONE to open this lock — even its rightful owner.

SHARK-SHAKER

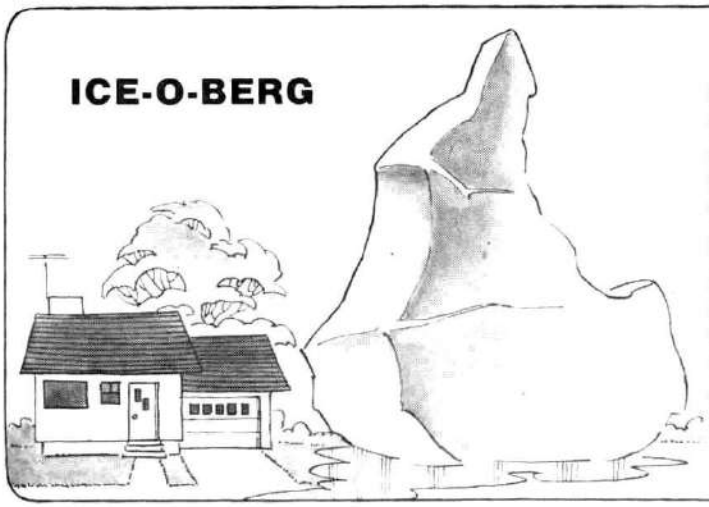
With Shark-Shaker you'll never have to worry about sharks again. Based on the fact that 9 out of 10 sharks hate Lima Beans, Shark-Shaker is knitted entirely from this repulsive vegetable. Now you can swim in complete comfort and safety — also makes a great side dish with pot roast.

PROTECTO-BERET

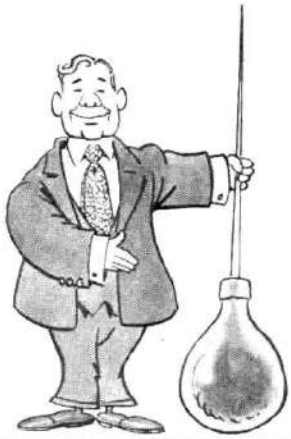
PROTECTO-BERET, steel plated berets for French construction workers. We also have Protecto-Yarmulka for Jewish construction workers and Protecto War Bonnet for Indians in the same trade.

CRACKED is running away from the circus to join a boarding school!

ICE-O-BERG



Don't you just hate it when you go to the fridge only to find that the kids have used up all the ice? Well, now you'll never have to worry about the problem again when you own a piece of the Berg. Ice-O-Berg, that is. Perfect for outdoor barbecues, weddings, and birthday parties too!



And hey! Order yours by yesterday morning, and we'll send you a free ice pick.

THE RUSH-O-NO KIT

This little number is the answer to every commuter's prayer. Are you tired of being pushed and shoved and poked in the ribs by umbrellas? Well now you can tell them you're an emergency vehicle and they'll believe you because you'll have the Rush-O-No Kit.

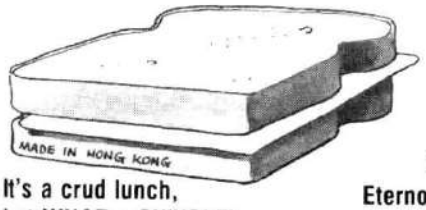
DOGGY PLASTI-COAT

The only thing worse than a smelly dog is the hassle of giving him a bath. Well, Doggy Plasti-Coat does away with all this. Applied once a year, Doggy Plasti-Coat covers your dog with a thin indestructable coat of vinyl plastic. No more doggy odor, no more messy bath. Just one wipe with a damp rag, and your pooch is kissing sweet again.

ETERNO SHINGLE

Do the shingles on your home begin to deteriorate after only ten or twenty years? Well then, have we got something for you . . . Eterno Shingle

An old-fashioned shingle



It's a crud lunch, but WHAT a SHINGLE!

Our new Eterno Shingle

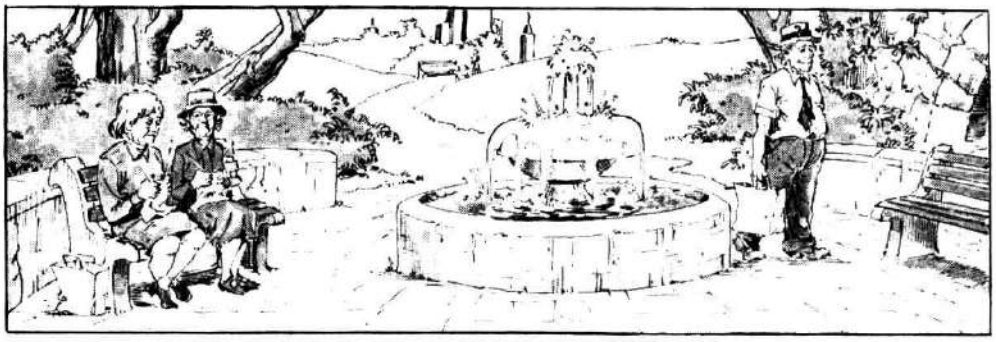
Eterno Shingle is made from the hardest substance known to man — the cheese sandwiches found in airports and bus terminals all over the country.

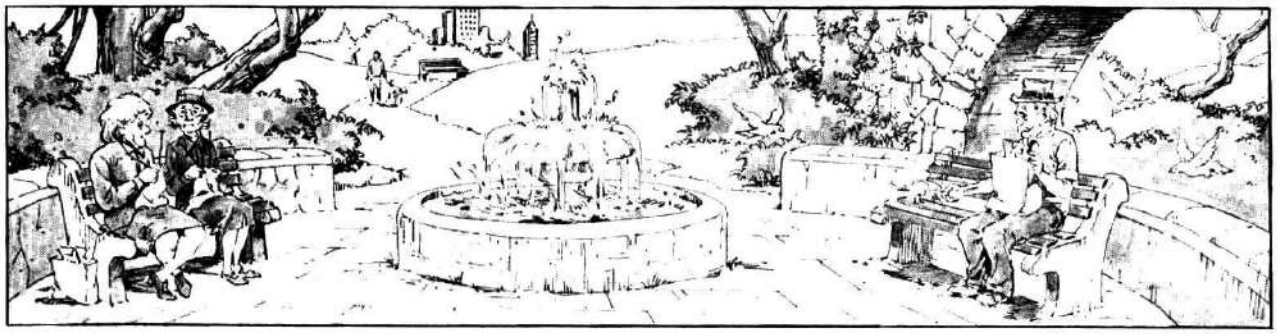
MUG-A-BUG

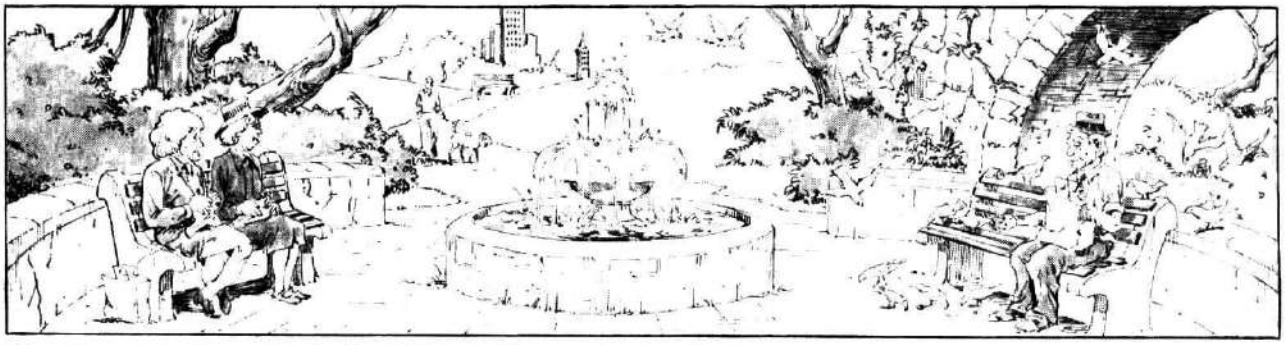
Do you have roaches, ants, or termites? Does the sound of tiny little feet keep you awake at night? Then you need Mug-A-Bug, one of our specially trained Cockaroaches, who comes complete with a diploma in one hand and a hammer in the other. In a matter of days he'll rid your home of anything that creeps, crawls or walks. Mug-A-Bug — Who'd think something so little could do so much.

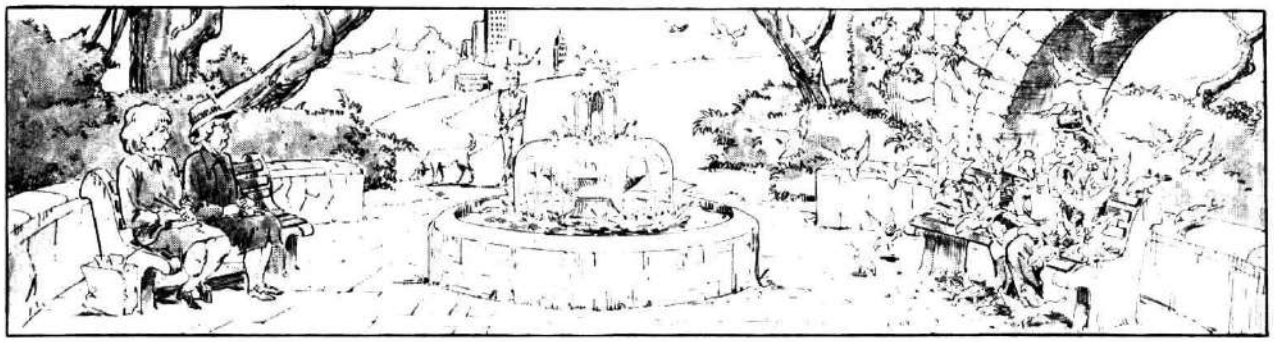
CRACKED is wearing stained-glass contact lenses!

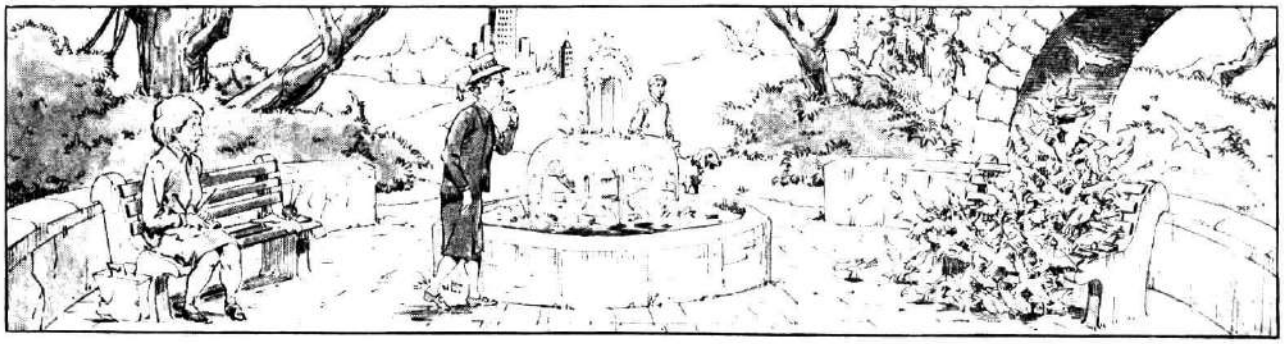
ONE AFTERNOON IN THE PARK

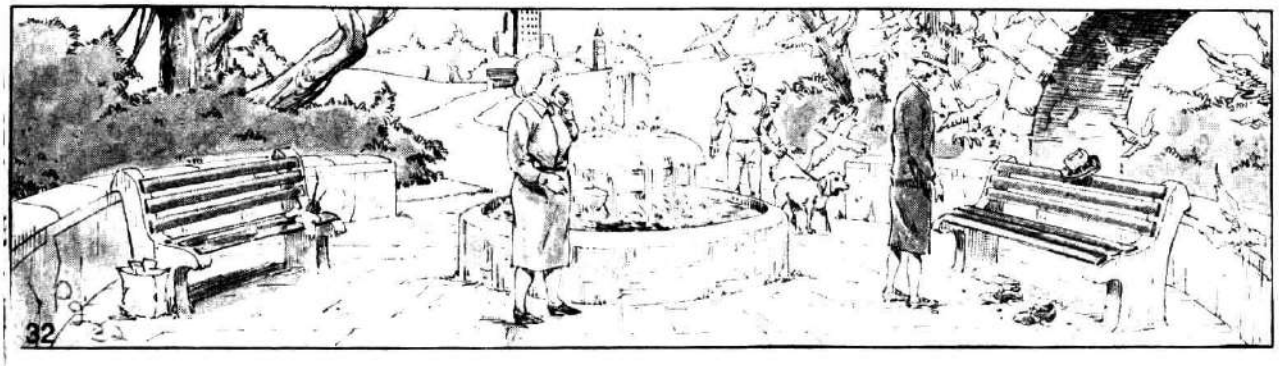




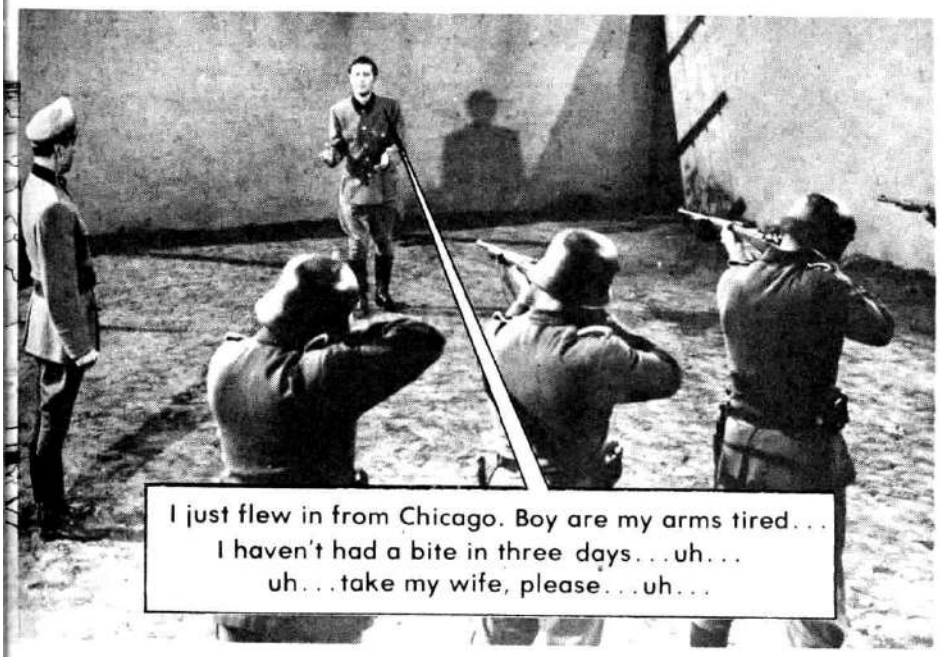


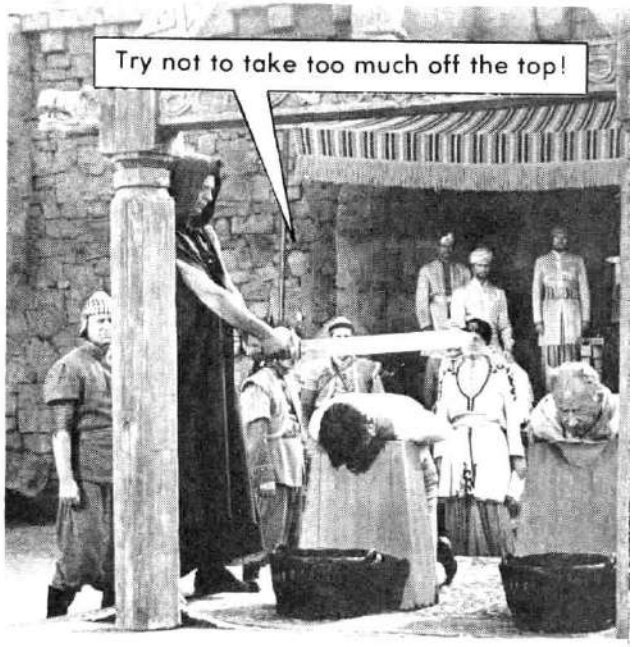


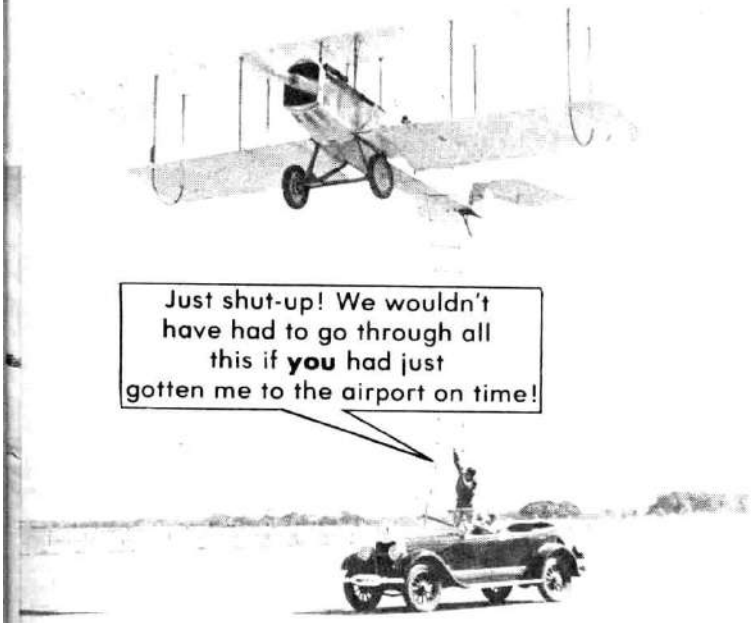


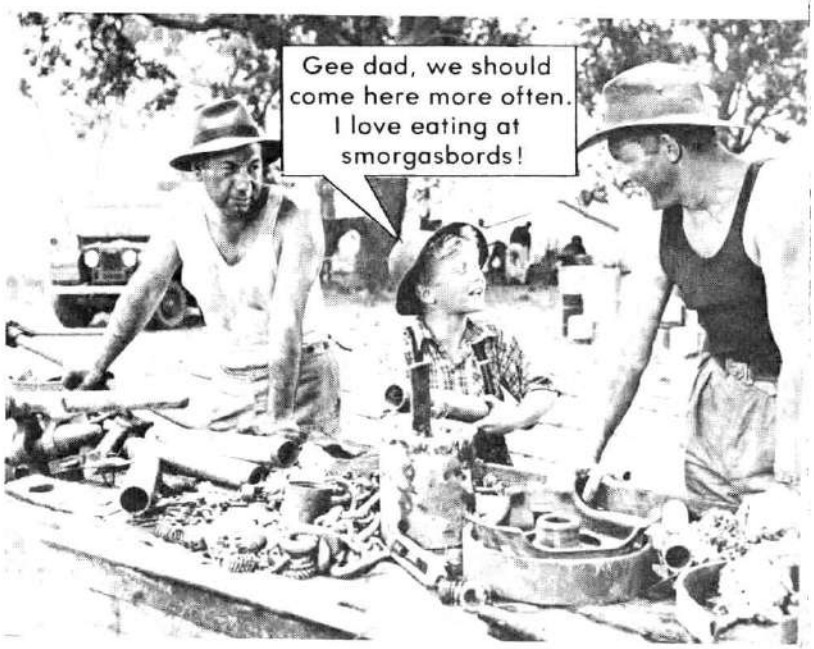


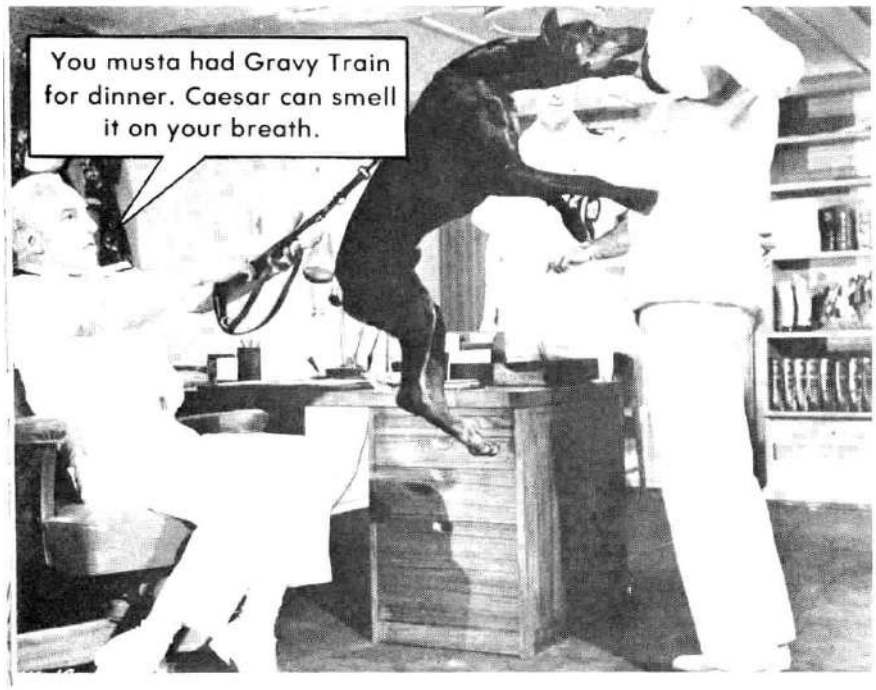
THE CRACKED LENS



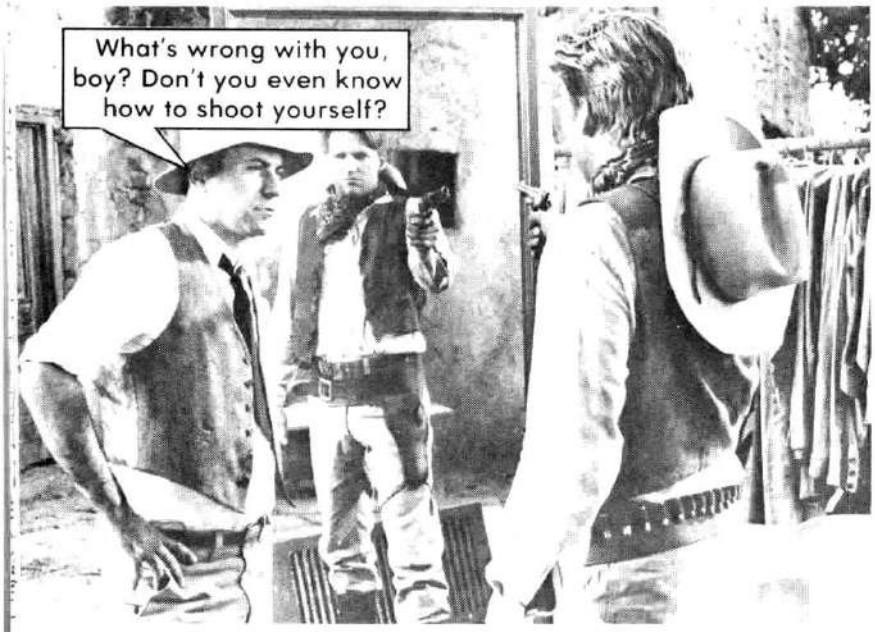






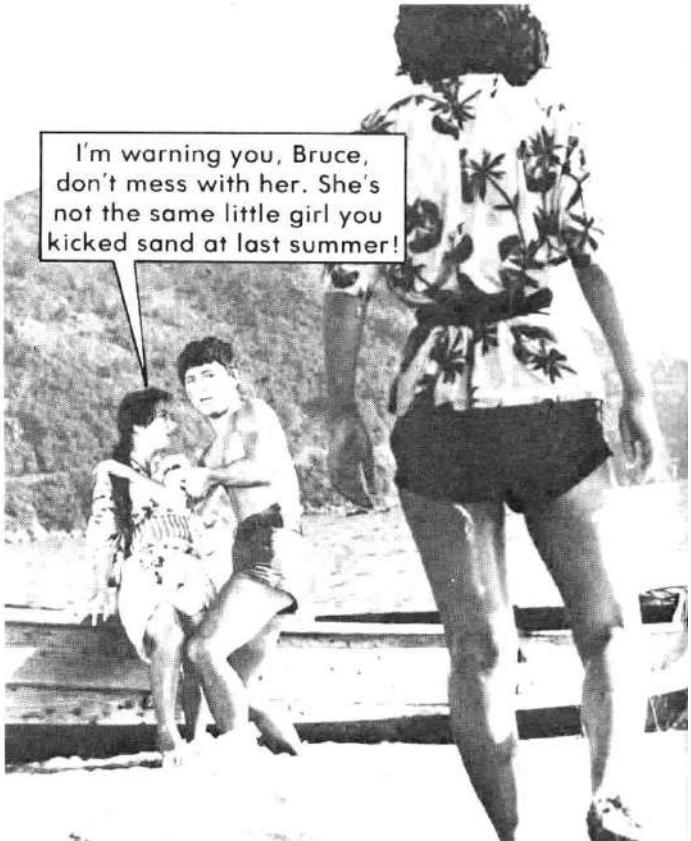

You musta had Gravy Train for dinner. Caesar can smell it on your breath.

Listen you lazy slob! I paid you three month's rent in advance—now when the heck are you gonna fix that clogged-up toilet!


What's wrong with you, boy? Don't you even know how to shoot yourself?

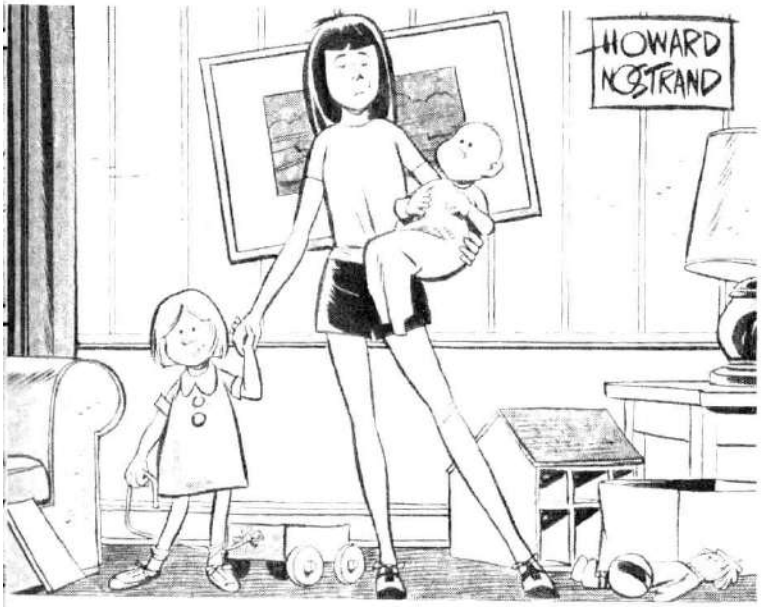
Oh please, sir, you don't wanna fire that gun in here. Can't you see she's almost asleep?!!

. . . and if you put sugar in my coffee one more time, I'll blow your head off!


I'm warning you, Bruce, don't mess with her. She's not the same little girl you kicked sand at last summer!

POPULAR SONGS FOR EVERYDAY WORKING PEOPLE

Ever notice how many of the songs written today have more to do with the lives of Superstars than your own? In order that our readers don't start feeling left out just because they don't happen to own a Back 40 in Aspen, we have put together a new kind of songbook. It's all about people like you and me, or at least people you know actually exist in real life. So tune up your vocal chords and get ready to sing:



PART-TIME SUMMER JOB BABYSITTER BLUES
(sung to — Proud Mary)

Working as a mother's helper,
Looking after toddlers night and day.
Picking up their crayons,
Ironing their rayons,
Wondering if their hamster ran away.

CHO: Baby's started squealing
Babysitter keeps on wheeling
Strolling
Strolling
Strolling baby's carriage

If you've been a mother's helper,
You know there is only one time to rest.
When the kids are sleeping,
To the 'fridge you're creeping,
Looking for a fudge bar
Or chicken soup, at best.

REPEAT CHO

THE CHEMIST'S SONG
(sung to — Babyface)

Acetate
You just amaze me in your solid state.
You aren't smelly like a strong sulfate
You just wait (Acetate.)
Laying there in your petri plate!

Acetate
We have a bond that won't dissociate.
You've got a valence that can really rate,
And just you wait
You'll be great, my acetate.
(You'll go on record.)
My acetate!

THE HYMN OF THE CHIMNEY CLEANER
(SUNG TO — YOU LIGHT UP MY LIFE)

So many times
I've climbed up these chimneys
Choking on soot
and clobbered by bricks
Sometimes in winter
with ice all around me
I can get trapped
with fat old St. Nick

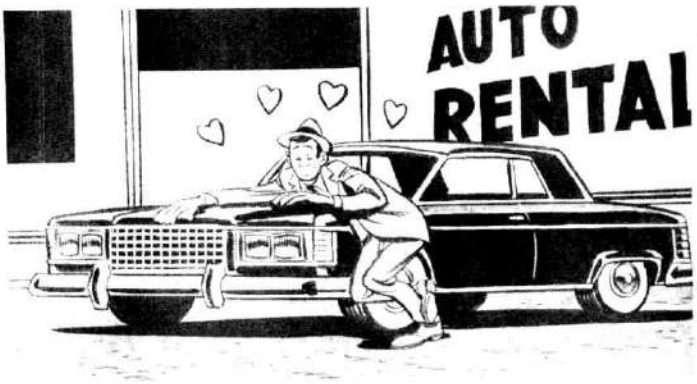
CHO: But flues light up my life
Flues help me cope
inside the smoke
And if the pipe drain's
clogged up with rain
I can see the clouds
through the smoke shrouds
Yes, flues light up my life

Trapped in this smokestack
I hear little noises
Is it the water pipes
starting to burst?
What if it's bats
waiting for sunset?
Though I've never seen them
there's always a first

CHO: But flues light up my life
Flues help me cope
inside the smoke
They light up the dreck
that I must inspect
When I
know what to expect
I won't break my neck
For flues — they li-i-ight up my life

TUNE FOR A TRAVELING SALESMAN
(SUNG TO — DIAMONDS ARE A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND)

A car in my hands might be quite Continental
Cause rentals are a man's best bet
A Prix looks so Grande and it's well worth the lentil
Yes, rentals are a man's best bet
Bugs are neat
But obsolete
You can't impress a client in a Dodge
But car keys to Caddies
Are bound to score madly
Yes, rentals are a man's best bet



BALLAD OF THE AVON LADY
(sung to — Lyin' Eyes)

Avon girls just seem to find out early
How to open doors with just a smile
A sample of our soap or crocheted doily
A free supply of soothing ginseng oil

Late at night suburban wives get gloomy
When supper's burned and baby's cut a tooth
A bubble bath or lip gloss that's perfumey
Will do more for your spirits than vermouth

CHO: You can hide your baggy eyes
Let your smile be cosmeticized
We'll make cheeks glow with a few supplies
Your Avon girl can hide those baggy eyes

CRACKED is wondering where bakers get the holes to put in doughnuts!

VETERINARIAN SONG
(sung to — My Favorite Things)

Bright curly Poodles with ulcers get tonic.
Belch a Great Dane with a clock in its stomach.
Huskies with heat rash, Chihauhuas with flu,
These are the things that a vet's got to do.

Fur full of paint and cement mix that's settin'
You'd be surprised what a kitten can get in.
Horses with tapeworms and sheep with the mange,
These are the things that a vet's got to change.

CHO: When the flea bites,
When there's ear mites,
When the feathers fall;
I've fixed every mammal from gerbil to camel,
And burped every beast that's crawled.

Guppies and goldfish and lizards and turtles,
Horned toads from Texas and newts that turn purple,
Birds with three gizzards and heifers with four,
These are the pets that a vet's got to cure.

THE TAXMAN'S CHANT
(sung to — I've Been Working on the Railroad)

I've been auditing your tax form
All the live long day.
Calculating your expenses
On the old 1040 A.
Don't it make you kind of nervous
When your claim is in?
Remember this is civil service
And we could have your skin.

CHO: We could turn you in
We could turn you in
We could give you five to ten

You have named fifteen dependents
Right here on Line Two.
But children's names like Spot and Rover
Do not ring quite true.
And your business deductions
Seem mighty strange to me.
I have never known a plumber who
Charged scuba diving fees.

REPEAT CHO.

And singing — Don't try lying 'bout your pay,
Don't try lying 'bout your pa-aaa-ay.
No one really gets away,
Just ask Nixon today.

THE TEACHER'S THEME SONG
(sung to — The Impossible Dream)

To teach the incorrible class,
To know all the questions they ask,
To find, when my feet are too weary,
A janitor to empty the trash.

To preach the Darwinian laws,
To reach the unmodified clause,
To show knowledge needn't be dreary,
To wake up the student who snores.

CHO: This is my quest
To up all their grades
No matter how lowly
Or how badly I'm paid.
To be ready to quiz
When the heat's on the fritz,
And the class clown is burping,
And the principal's lurking and
the P.T.A. quits;
Just to know I'll continue to teach
The unteachable kids.

And my life will be better for this,
That one man with a single slide rule
Still tried, without striking all winter,
To teach — in a public high school.

CRACKED is being so skinny whenever you sit on a car, vandals try to bend you!

OFFICE SECRETARY OPUS NO. 16
(SUNG TO — SIXTEEN TONS)

Some people think a woman's made to sit and bake bread.
But a secretary's life is either Pitman or Gregg.
Pitman and Gregg, billing and liens,
A chair that tilts and a boss that's mean.

CHO: You type sixteen tons of number 9 bond,
Another trial balance and another month gone.
My husband doesn't phone me on the company's time,
I make my calls with petty cash dimes.

Now if you see me filing, better step aside.
Another clerk didn't and another clerk's fired.
You spend half your time cataloging cards
And some greenie out of business school starts
re-arranging drawers.

CHO: I type sixteen tons of number 9 bond,
Another inventory and another year gone.
That telephone is ringing but the party's gonna wait,
I don't take calls on my coffee break.

CRACKED is moving to Buffalo for the climate!

INSURANCE ADJUSTER'S THEME FROM UPPER EAST SIDE STORY
(SUNG TO — MARIA)

Computer, we just bought a brand new computer.
It has a thousand knobs, and does a thousand jobs —
with ease.
Computer, just feed in the data that suits ya.
It blinks and clicks and whirrs, and processes —
the budget freeze.
Computer, someone programmed the darn thing
to solve Pi
Now it's spewing up print-outs a mile high.
Computer,
Can anyone unplug Computer?

THE NURSE'S GOSPEL
(sung to — He's got the Whole World in His Hands)

I've got the whole floor on my hands
I've got the whole fifth floor on my hands
That's what a nurse is for — who else can
Cope with the whole ward with two hands?

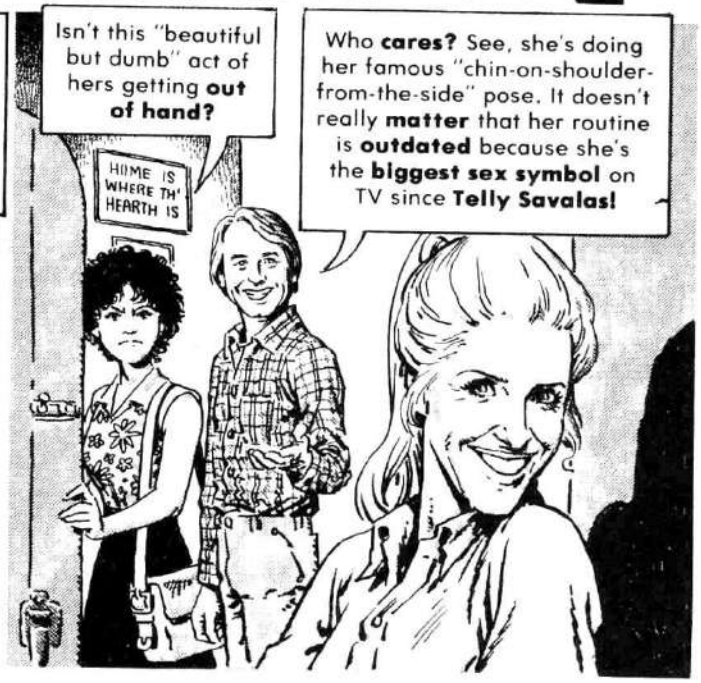
I've got the little bitty baby (and bed pans)
I've got a bottle with a gallstone (and lymph glands)
I've got an IV on a dolly (with meal plans)
I've got the whole ward on my hands.

I've got a nervous intern shaking (looking wan)
I've got a pregnant lady waiting (thinks it's twins)
I've got a doctor on vacation (in Japan)
I've got the whole ward on my hands.

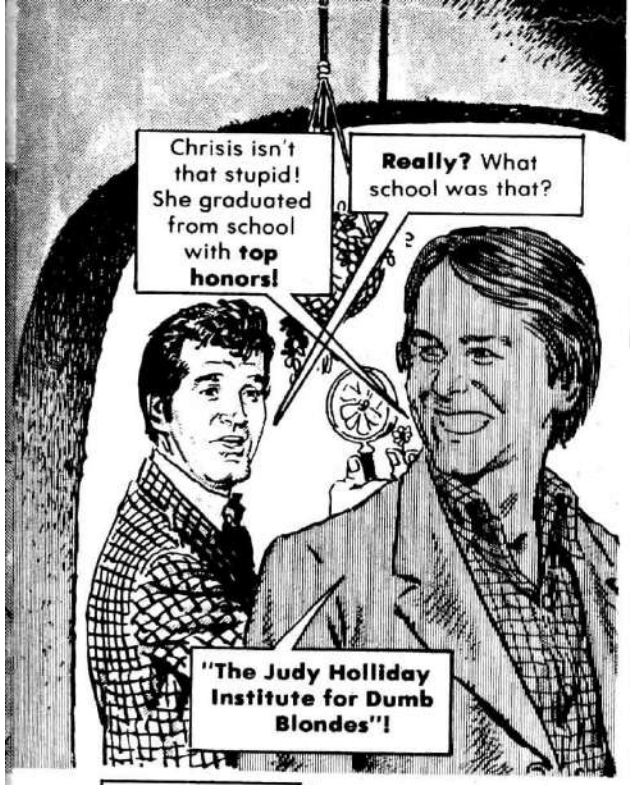
I've got everybody's chart here (with demands)
I've got bunions on my arches (I can't stand)
I've got to wait here for the night shift ('til 2 A.M.)
To leave the whole ward in their hands.

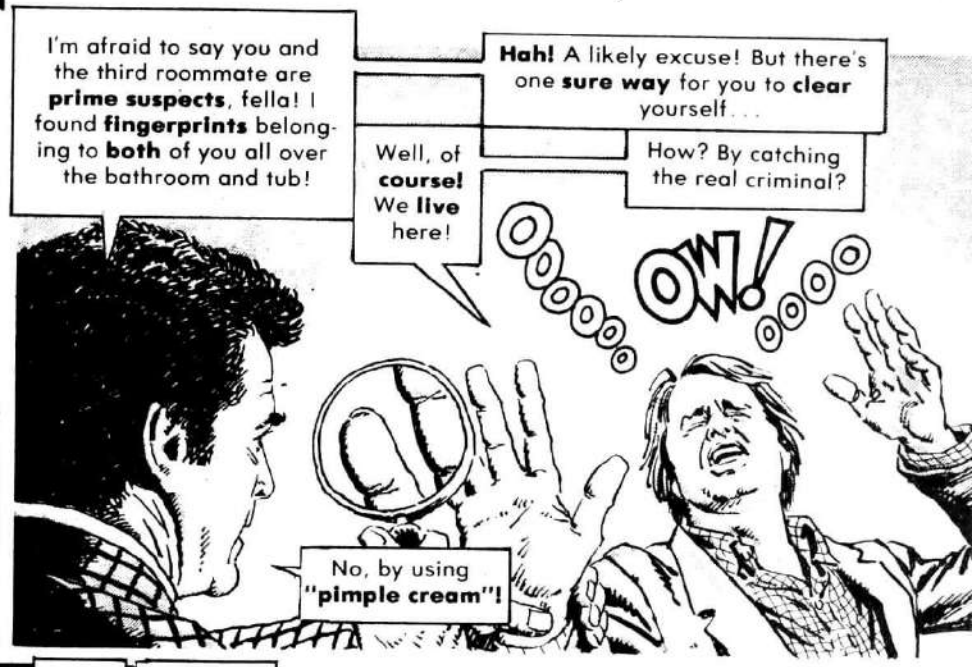
New stars from television emerge every season. But TV fame can be fleeting. . . for instance, whatever happened to "The Mod Squad" actors, Tiny Tim and Flipper? And, who remembers Morris Fenalburger? (Morris was the most sought-after TV repairman years ago, but then he switched to air-conditioning and refrigeration.) Ah, the irony of it all! Now there's a hit TV show where two of the the title's three stars are already household words. The third is also a sort of household word (her mother's household). Of course, we're talking about. . .

THREE'S CRUMMIER

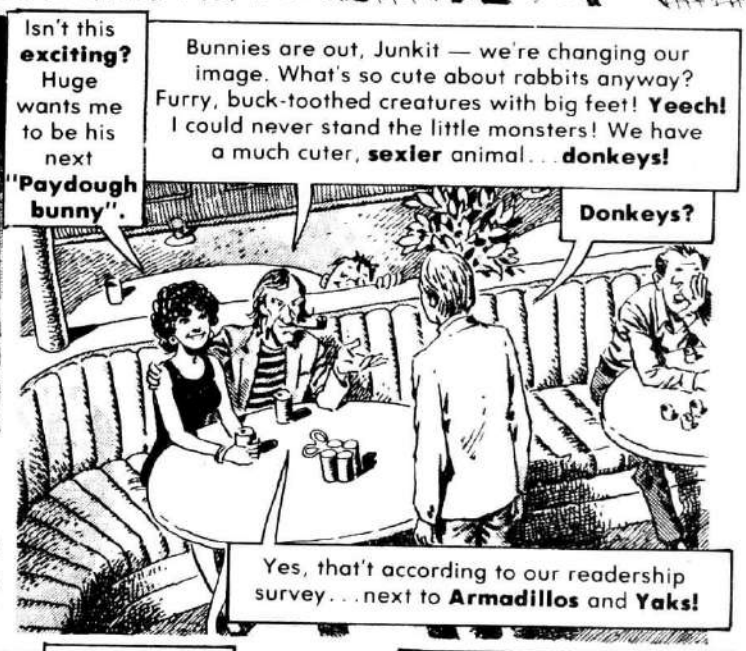


Chrisis, I've been **loving** something of yours for a long time. I just haven't been able to get **enough** of it! You've got the **greatest**, most **terrific incredible pair of**...
...**magazines!**
Okay, what's going on here?
Oh, **hi**, Mr. Joker! We were just talking about Chrisis latest issues of **CRACKED!**
No **wonder** she acts the way she does!
Jerk, are you **sure** you don't have any **interest in girls**, or is that just a gag?
It happens to be one of the **only gags** we have on the **show!** Don't worry Mr. Joker...I've no interest in girls. But if you're talking about **women**, that's a **different** story!
Sorry I can't talk about the **rent** now, Mr. Joker! Someone's **threatening Chrisis' life**, and I've got to see the **police** about it!
Hey, I have a good **friend** down at the police station! Just ask for **Jerry Beck**—tell him you **know** me, and he'll be **glad** to see you!
Oh, he's a **detective?**
No, he's a **convict!**
FLOWER
SAGEBRUSH
WEED
LATER
Chrisis! What **happened?**
Oh, Jerk, somebody tried to **kill** me! Isn't this **awful?**
I'll say — you look like a **mess!** The **men** in our audience don't tune in to see you like **that!**
Okay fella — where **were** you this evening, between **5** and **6 o'clock?**
Huh? I couldn't **say**, since it's only **2:30 in the** afternoon!
Who are you anyway?
The name's **Jim Rockhead**, private investigator. I happened to be **by**, as I **usually** am whenever there's a pretty woman in trouble. Chrisis asked for my help in solving this case.
Well, what do you **make** of it so far?
200 dollars a day plus expenses!
It was **horrible!** I was taking a **milk bath** for my **beauty treatment**, suddenly a **masked person** barged in and pushed the **cow** into the tub! Luckily, I slipped away in time.
Y'know, your roommate's **brain** reminds me of a **politician's speech.**
You mean it's very **promising?**
No, it's mostly **empty!**

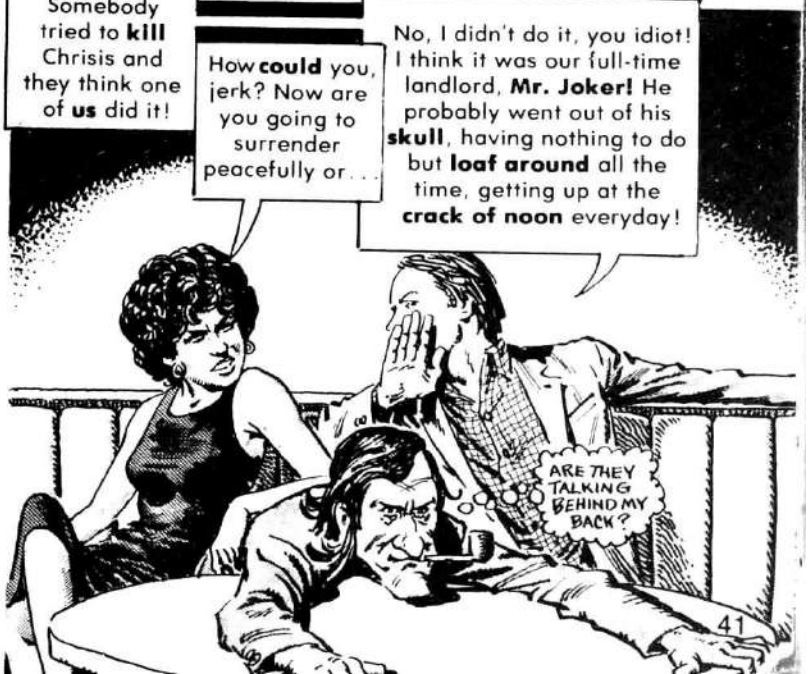

Chrisis isn't that stupid! She graduated from school with **top honors!**
Really? What school was that?
"The Judy Holliday Institute for Dumb Blondes"!


I'm afraid to say you and the third roommate are **prime suspects**, fella! I found **fingerprints** belonging to **both** of you all over the bathroom and tub!
Hah! A likely excuse! But there's one **sure way** for you to **clear** yourself...
Well, of **course!** We **live** here!
How? By catching the real criminal?
OW!
No, by using **"pimple cream"!**

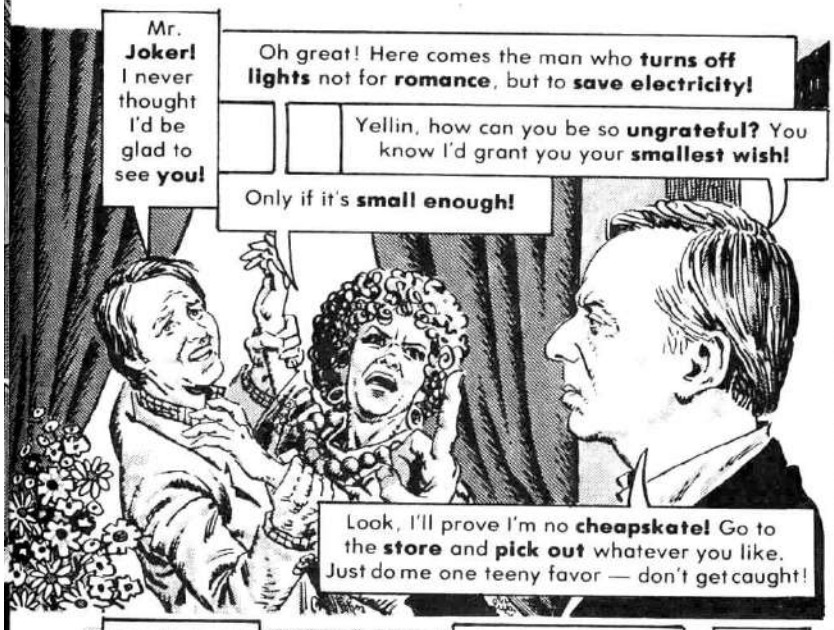
Junkit, thank **heavens** you're down here at **"The Eager Beaver"!** I wouldn't have known where else to **look,** since this is the **only other** set on the **show!**
Sorry, Jer — I was in a phone **booth** talking with my new **boyfriend**. But when someone wanted to use the **phone**, we had to **get out!** This is **Huge Hefty**, Publisher of **"Paydough"** Magazine!
Now there's a guy who looks **ready, villain** and **able!**


Isn't this **exciting?** Huge wants me to be his next **"Paydough bunny".**
Bunnies are out, Junkit — we're changing our image. What's so cute about rabbits anyway? Furry, buck-toothed creatures with big feet! **Yeech!** I could never stand the little monsters! We have a much cuter, **sexier** animal...**donkeys!**
Donkeys?
Yes, that't according to our readership survey...next to **Armadillos** and **Yaks!**

That's very nice, Mr. Hefty. Now if you don't mind, I'd like to speak with Junkit in **private!**
Go right ahead, son. I have my ears **covered!**
No you don't! With **what??**
Blue Cross!
DO YOU SERVE WOMEN?
NO, MA'AM YOU'VE GOT TO BRING YOUR OWN!


Somebody tried to **kill** Chrisis and they think one of **us** did it!
How **could** you, jerk? Now are you going to surrender peacefully or...
No, I didn't do it, you idiot! I think it was our full-time landlord, **Mr. Joker!** He probably went out of his **skull**, having nothing to do but **loaf around** all the time, getting up at the **crack of noon** everyday!
ARE THEY TALKING BEHIND MY BACK?

Thanks for helping me **break** in the Jokers' apartment, Rockhead!
Sure, kid! Since you rang the bell and we're sure nobody's home, we just take a **plastic credit card**, slip it in the door and...
wind up with a **bent credit card!**
Hello! Sorry I'm late to answer the door, I was in the shower!
I — it's Mrs. Joker! What do I say?
Stay calm, be **discreet**. Can't let her suspect a thing. Ah, Mrs. Joker ...Jerk would like to steal some **incriminating evidence** against **you** or **your husband** for attempted **murder** and borrow a cup of **sugar!**
What?
Er...this man was just **leaving!** He asked "If you'd accept an invitation of a meal tonight for you and your husband?
Why **thank** you, Jerk! That's very nice, inviting us to dinner!
Yes, I happen to be a wonderful crook — er, **cook!** Why don't you put on a robe while I help myself to the sugar?
Don't you think you'd have better luck finding the **sugar** in the **kitchen?**
Oh — ulp — don't you k-keep your sugar under the **sofa cushions** like normal people?
I know from my husband that it must be **frustrating** to have two **lovely young ladies** around who don't allow any **hanky panky**, Jerk.
Oh, they allow hanky panky — only not with **me!** I'm sorry to hear about your husband, Mrs. Joker. Doesn't he have any **romantic notions?**
He may have the notions...
I'm sure you like to **neck.**
That's my business!
Oh, goody! You're a **professional!**
Did you ever see **"The Graduate"**, Jerk? How would you like me to play **Mrs. Robinson** to your **Dustin Hoffman?**
Mrs. Joker, **please!**
Jerk, I'm a normal **red-blooded** woman with normal **hot-blooded** desires! Give me **one good reason** why we shouldn't be better friends!
Mrs. Joker, I can't **stand** you.
Boy! You're really **desperate** for reasons, aren't you?


Mr. **Joker!** I never thought I'd be glad to see **you!**
Oh great! Here comes the man who **turns off lights** not for **romance**, but to **save electricity!**
Yellin, how can you be so **ungrateful?** You know I'd grant you your **smallest wish!**
Only if it's **small enough!**
Look, I'll prove I'm no **cheapskate!** Go to the **store** and **pick out** whatever you like. Just do me one teeny favor — don't get caught!

Yes — the Paydough donkey outfit is very nice, but did I have to **wear** it all the way **home?**
Now, now, I'm sure your friends will be delighted to see you in it, Junkit ...and we may even have time to play **"Pin-the-tail-on-the..."** WOW! Who is that **magnificent** creature?

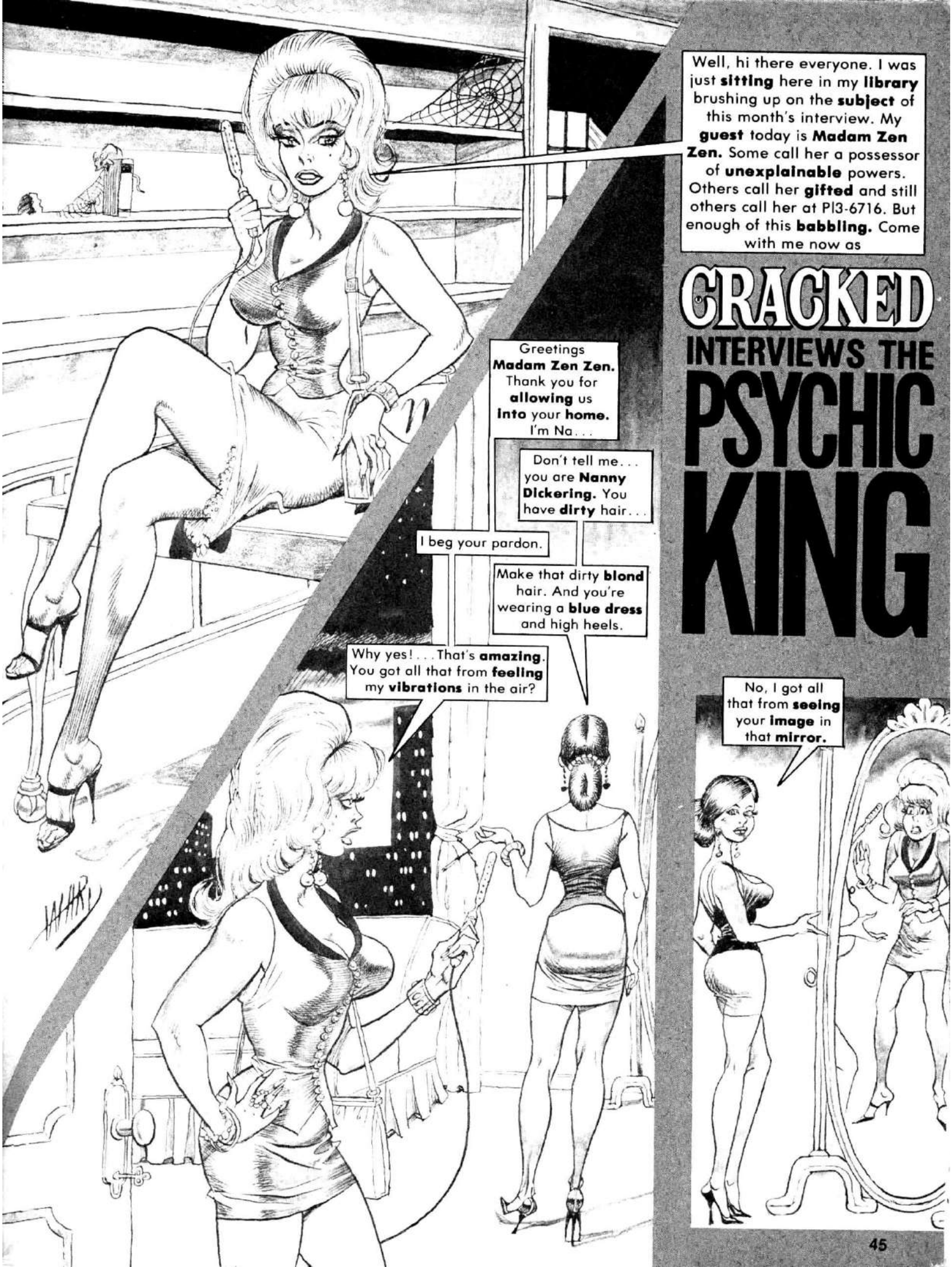
I can't **stand** it! You're getting all the **attention** again, Chrisis! I won't let it happen again, **do you hear?**
GAACH! Junkit — so you're the one who... (choke) who's been trying to **kill** me...out of **jealousy!**
Jealousy? Ha ha! Why should I be jealous of you? you've only got **three things** that I don't have...**fame, looks** and **both!**
WAR AND PEACE
WAR AND SATTLER

Uh... Huge Hefty, meet the Jokers!
WOW, it's him! Hey Hef...I look at your magazine all the time...sometimes I even read the **articles!**
Mr. Hefty, do you think I could get in your magazine?
Sure, Mrs. Joker! There's an opening in the layout **department!** If you're qualified, you have a chance of getting in like **anyone else!**

Don't mind **her,** Hef. She's her own worst enemy!
Not while **you're** alive I'm not!
Y'know, I've had such bad luck in my marriages...my first wife **left** me, and this one **won't!**
EEEEEK!
SOMEONE GIVE HIM A LIGHT!

Chrisis! Are you okay?
Some **masked person** leaped from the cupboard and tried to **dunk** my **head** into the kitchen sihk. As **strong** as he **was**, he couldn't hold my head **under water!**
Sure! Didn't he know that **wood floats?**

At least we **know** that the killers couldn't have been the Jokers, Junkit or me — so I don't get it! Who would want to kill **Chrisis?**
I caught these two trying to get away — luckily the **man** was **running** in **slow motion!**
Good lord! It's **Farout Faucet Major** and her husband **Cee Major, "The Six Million Dollars Man."**
I **was** "The Six Million Dollars Man." But now with my show **cancelled**, I'm not worth a **penny!**
But what have you got against **me?**
Farout was the **first** television blond **bombshell!** Her career was doing real well **with** the **posters**, the **dolls** and the **magazine covers.** Until **you** came along! People were beginning to **forget** Farout!
And frankly... with the cancellation of "The Six Million Dollars Man", the only hope of earning **big money** rested with **me!**
So we figured if we do a **"cancellation"** of you, Farout would be on the **rise** again!
Isn't this fabulous, Chrisis? You're **safe** now and we're all going to be **okay!**
MMMWAH!
Heey... any **moron** could see you've nothing against women! You've been **fooling** me all this time!
Oh no! Well, I guess you had to find out **sooner** or **later!** Only... there's no other place that I can **afford!** I hope you'll let me stay and not end this **cozy threesome living arrangement of mine!**
Sure, you'll **still** be living in a cozy **threesome arrangement...**
...Only the threesome will be **US!** It's **perfect...** with another man around the house, I can get the dizzy wife off my **back** and have some peace and **quiet** for a change!
Maybe for **you** it's perfect, but for **me** it proves that **Three's Crummiest!**
TH'END


Well, hi there everyone. I was just **sitting** here in my **library** brushing up on the **subject** of this month's interview. My **guest** today is **Madam Zen Zen.** Some call her a possessor of **unexplainable** powers. Others call her **gifted** and still others call her at Pl3-6716. But enough of this **babbling.** Come with me now as
CRACKED INTERVIEWS THE PSYCHIC KING
Greetings **Madam Zen Zen.** Thank you for **allowing** us **into** your **home.** I'm Na...
Don't tell me... you are **Nanny Dickering.** You have **dirty** hair...
I beg your pardon.
Make that dirty **blond** hair. And you're wearing a **blue dress** and high heels.
Why yes!...That's **amazing.** You got all that from **feeling** my **vibrations** in the air?
No, I got all that from **seeing** your **image** in that **mirror.**

Then you're a **fraud** who has no **powers** of **ESP**, can't **levitate**, can't...

No. No. No. My **powers** are **quite** genuine. For example, how about if I **demonstrate** my talent of **communicating** with the world beyond.

You mean **call up** a person from the **grave?**

Well, it wouldn't be too **impressive** if I **called** up my **hairdresser** from down the street.

You've got a point.

Now I must go into a **trance** ...**Deeper**...**deeper**...

Madam Zen Zen, do you think you can **contact** my **Uncle Sidney?**

We shall try...wait...the **next voice** you hear will not be mine, but **that** of a **person** from the **world** beyond.

So, you say you're sick of **transportation** that's **undependable**—of a **bumpy ride**—of vehicles that **break down** after only **three years** on the **trail**. Then you've come to the **right place.**

Uncle Sidney is that **you?**

Feast your **eyes** on this...

The new **1883 Le Mans Stage Coach**. There's room for **six adults** inside—or **5 adults** and **two** very pudgy **dwarfs**—plus room for **2 drivers** on top, lots of **cargo space**, and it can be hit with 2000 arrows during an **Indian attack** before any of the wood is **pierced**.

And **what** if you don't have anything to **trade** in? I can give you a **deal** that's **so low**, you'll wonder how I can afford to **stay** in business. Go ahead. **Ask** me the **price.**

It's...Sorry, your **three** minutes are **up**. This is the **spirit world returning** you to Madam Zen Zen.

All right. **What's** the price?

The **trance** is broken.

That was **amazing!**...**Fantastic!**...Only, that didn't **sound** at all like my Uncle Sidney. He was a **minister.**

Yeah, well I forgot to **tell** you before I tranced off that the **only** person I can ever pick up is a **covered wagon salesman** from the 1800's.

What an **unfortunate** drawback to your talents.

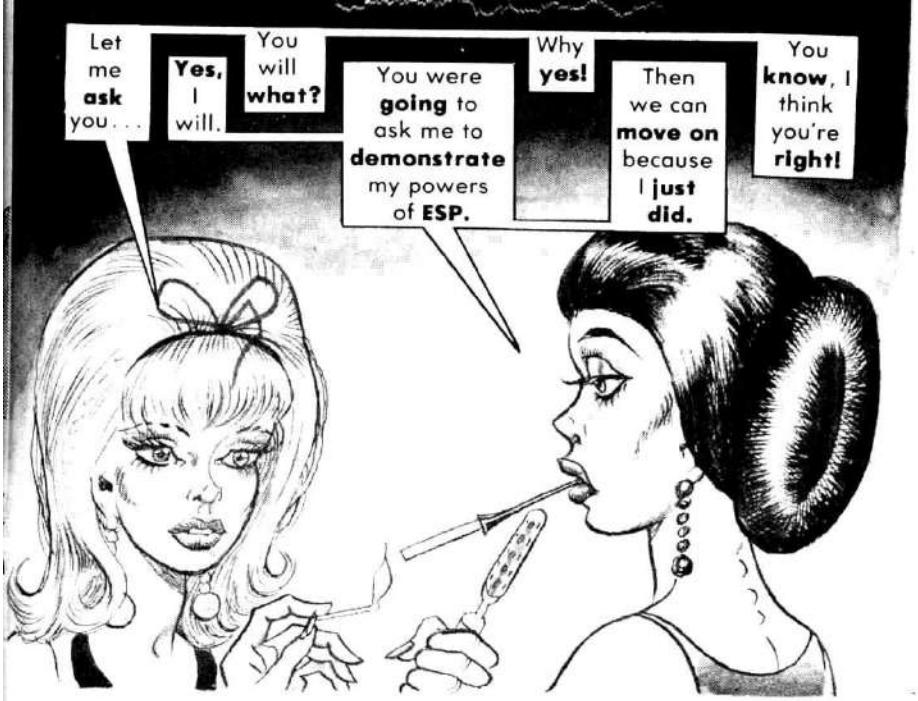
Perhaps—unless you **look** at it in **another** light.

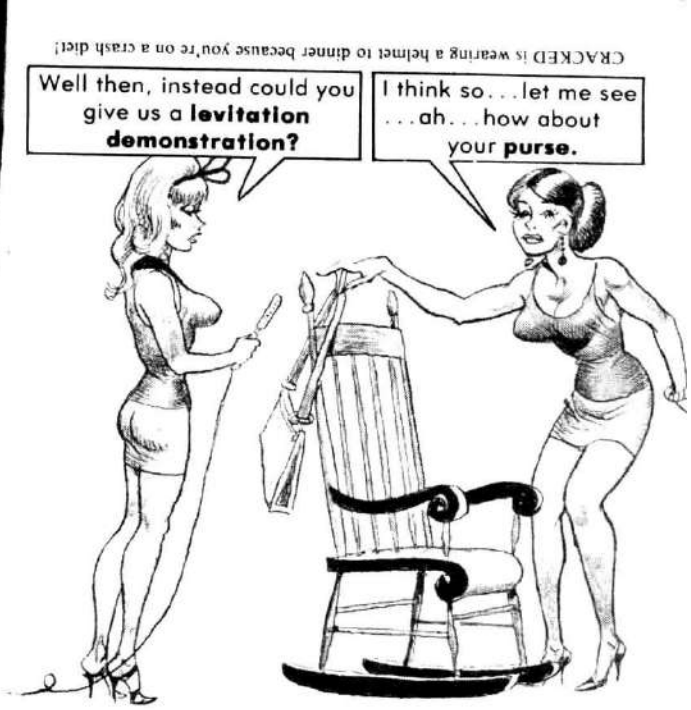
Which is?

I make over **600 bucks** on every stagecoach he **manages** to sell.

BEER IS GOOD FOR WHAT ALES YOU

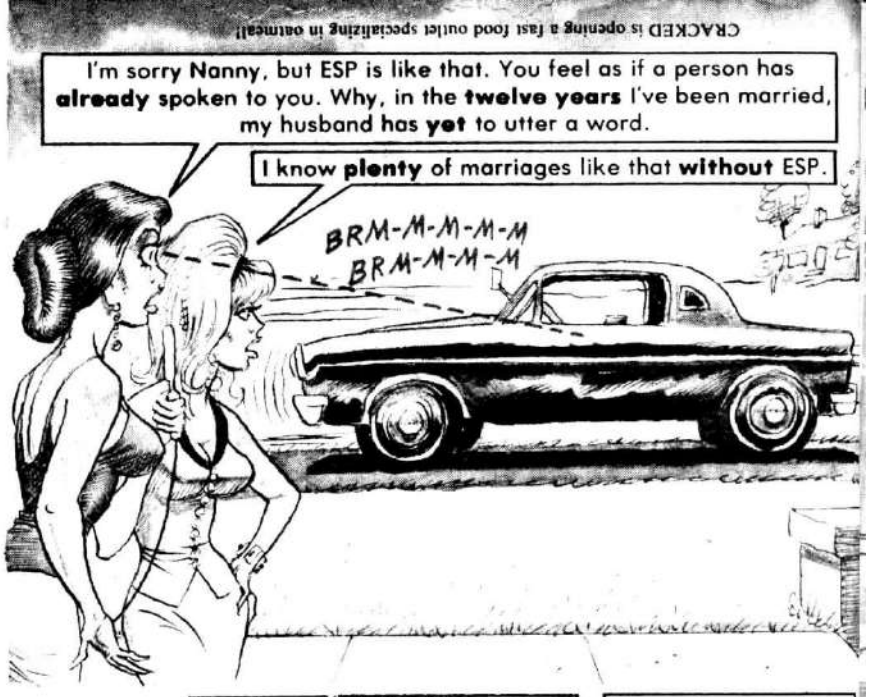
CRACKED is playing solitaire with a marked deck!



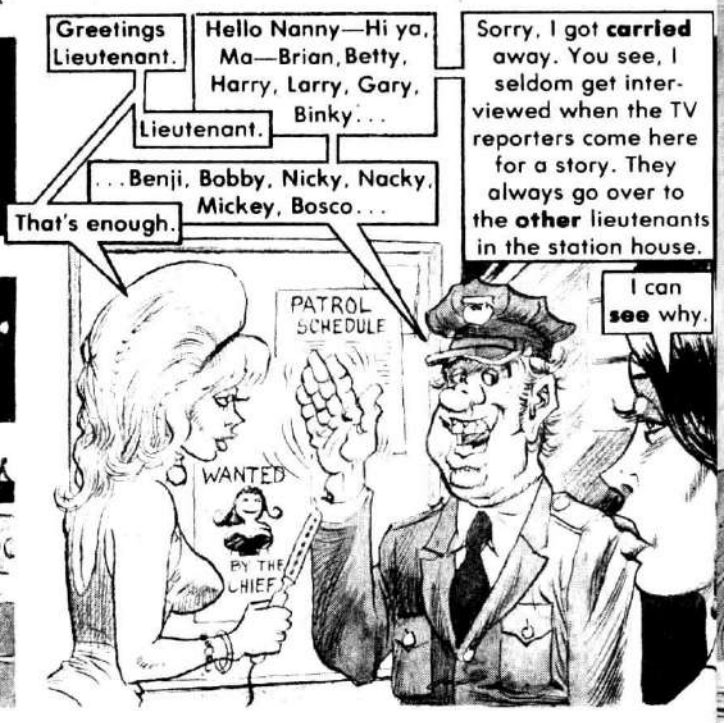


CRACKED is wearing a helmet to dinner because you're on a crash diet!

Moving along...
Yes, that's true.
What?
You were **going** to ask if I use my **psychic powers** in **helping** the **police** to find missing persons.
I get this feeling that somehow if I hadn't shown up today, this interview **still** would have gotten done.


I'm sorry Nanny, but ESP is like that. You feel as if a person has **already** spoken to you. Why, in the **twelve years** I've been married, my husband has **yet** to utter a word.
I know **plenty** of marriages like that **without** ESP.
BRM-M-M-M-M
BRM-M-M-M

But anyway, you can...
...show your readers how I find a missing person—of course. That's why we're in this car. The first thing I need is a **case** and I get that here at the **1st Precinct** from **Lieutenant Whatshisname.**
What's his name?
That's right.
1ST PRECIN
1st PRECIN


Greetings Lieutenant.
Hello Nanny—Hi ya, Ma—Brian, Betty, Harry, Larry, Gary, Binky...
Lieutenant.
...Benji, Bobby, Nicky, Nacky, Mickey, Bosco...
That's enough.
Sorry, I got **carried** away. You see, I seldom get interviewed when the TV reporters come here for a story. They always go over to the **other** lieutenants in the station house.
I can **see** why.
PATROL SCHEDULE
WANTED
BY THE CHIEF

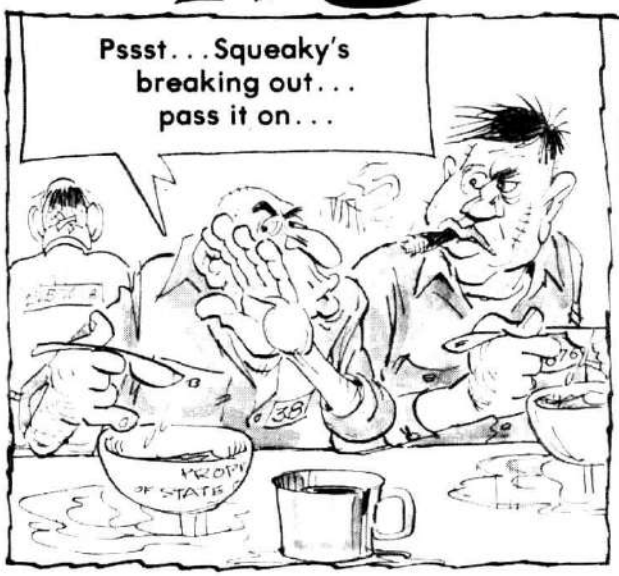
So, I begin by asking the Lieutenant if he has any **missing people** for me and he says...
"**Yes**, Madam Zen, Zen, we do and here is an article of his **clothing**."
I then begin by **feeling** it for any **vibrations** I might be able to pick up. Then slowly...

...I'm getting an **image**...I feel a sense of urgency—I feel **great** pain.
You think the person is **injured?**
No, there's a **nail** in this **pocket** and I just **cut** myself on it—ouch!

Wait! I have an image—I **know** where the person is—Quick! Let's go!
POLICE
Make a **left**...now a **right**...**up** that street...**around** the corner ...we're getting close now.
He's in **that** building. Follow me.
Madam Zen Zen, we're **back** at the **police station!**
POLICE
INCARCERATION THAT MEANS JAIL-DOPEY
Up these stairs—**through** that door.
And **there** he is!
Hey, you **found** my jacket. **Thanks** Lieutenant.
How **dumb** of me—I gave you the **wrong** piece of **clothing!** It wasn't **that** jacket! It was the owner of **this baby booty** I wanted found.
Madam Zen Zen, I must say that even though your person wasn't really missing, **that** was an **amazing** demonstration. Do you ever take **money** for your services?
Money?...You mean **cash?** Nanny, what I have is a gift. Money **can't pay** for my talent.
That's **very** noble.
However, a **large check can.**
Wait! Miss Dickering, I feel a **great** danger. I feel that you haven't long here...Oh my. Miss Dickering, I feel that...that the **end** is **near** for you.
Why, Madam Zen Zen, you're right. But there's **nothing** to fear. The **end** is near because...
...that's all the **space** we have left.
Oh, that's good. I hate it when my predictions end with **a**...so messy—Care to join me in a cup of coffee?
Do you think there's enough **room** for the **two** of us?
And this is Nanny Dickering saying bye until next month.
Such a kidder.

SHUT-UPS

KING TUT
EXHIBITION

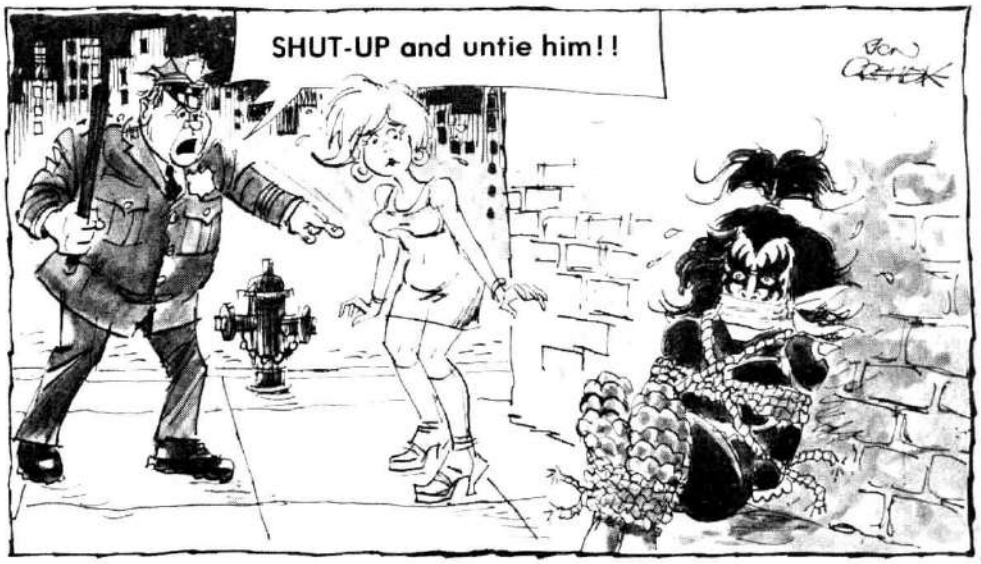

Pssst... Squeaky's breaking out... pass it on...

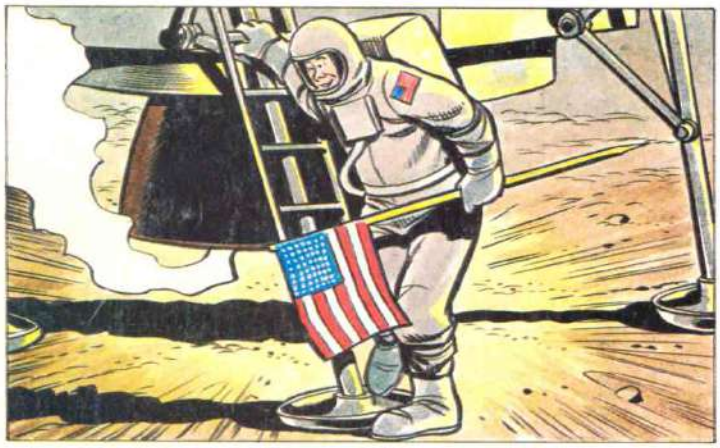
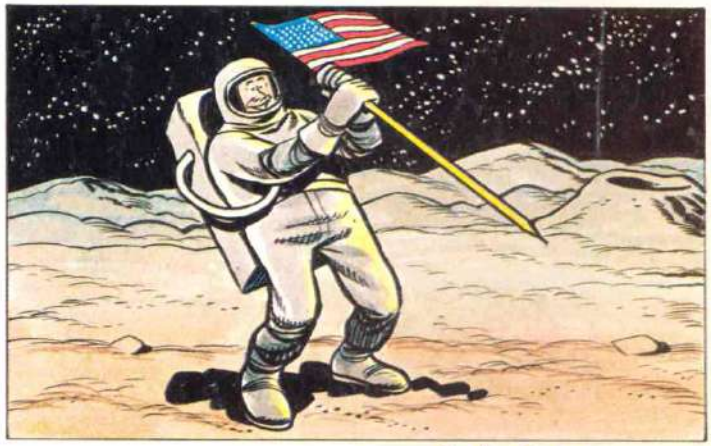
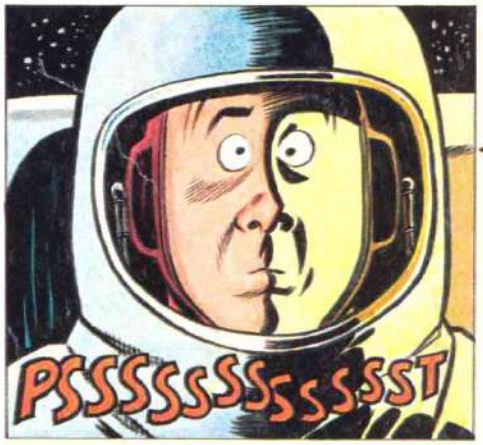
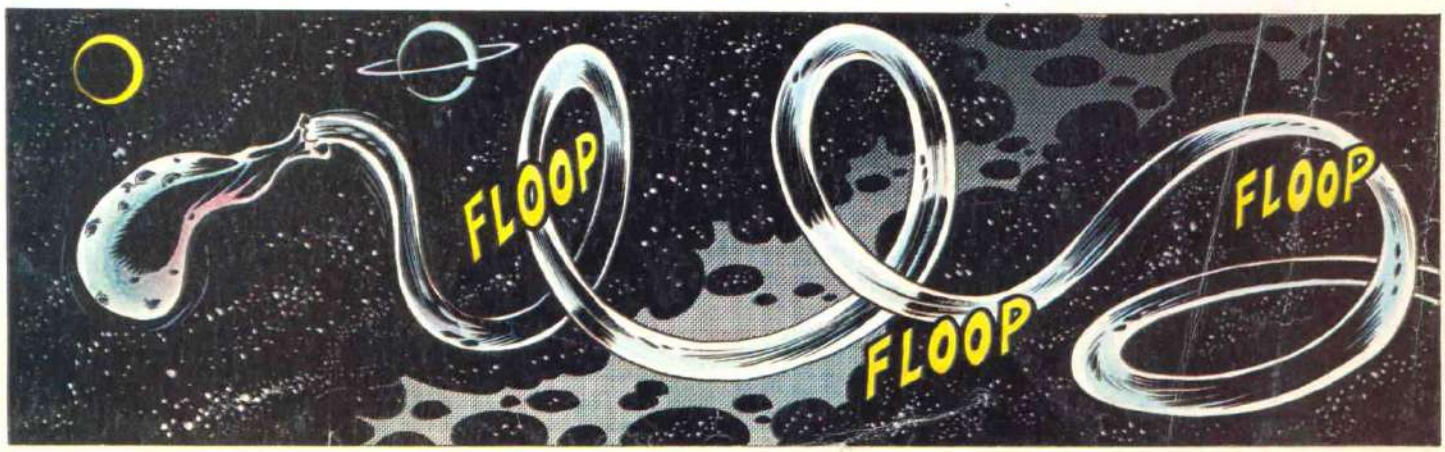
SHUT-UP!! What'da I care if he's got the measles!

Shine, lady?
SHINE

SHUT-UP!! I'm still trying to pay off your last bill!!
SHINE

I'm sorry Officer... really I am—— I didn't realize the stealing of a kiss is a criminal offense!


SHUT-UP and untie him!!

* DO NOT ENTER. I AM LISTENING TO THE RADIO!

LANDING ON MARS